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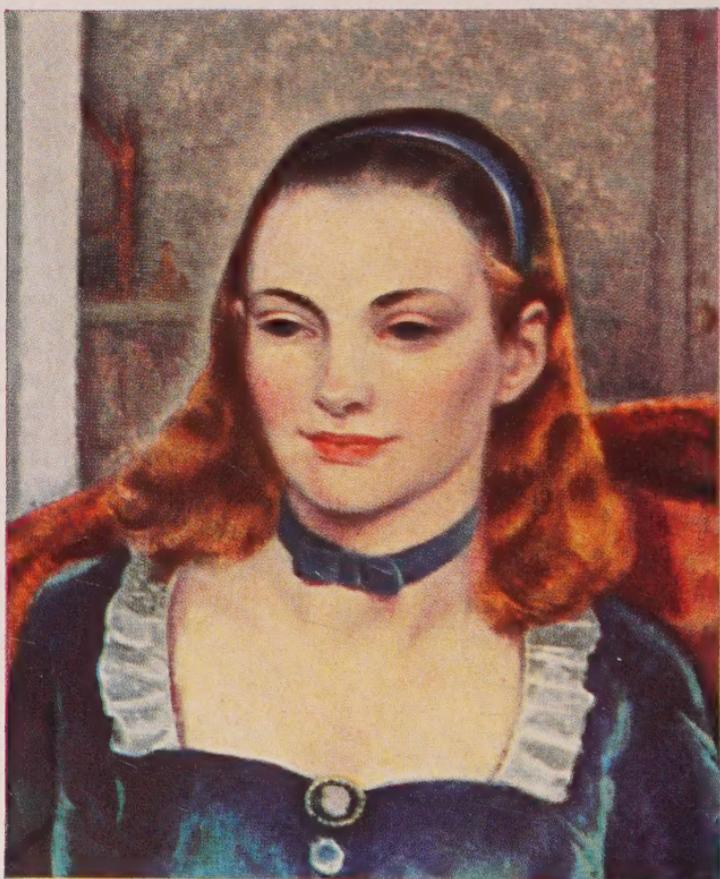
OUR STAKE IN GERMANY: by J. P. WARBURG

• WALTER LIPPmann • OGDEN NASH • WAVERLEY ROOT •

Norman R. Ottwood

'47 the Magazine of the Year • AUGUST 1947 • Vol. I, No. 6

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Detail from "ANNE IN BLUE" by Leon Kroll (see page 115)

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THE WRITERS, ARTISTS, AND PHOTOGRAPHERS WHO OWN '47*

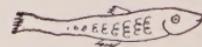
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Our title, changing with the year, reminds us that progress has a will beyond our own.

August of '47, Fight On!

FORGIVE this flummery,
But I'm feeling summery.
All winter like the blossoms
I was playing possums,
But with August adjacent
I'm a possum renascent.
I'm the renaissance
In gabardine pants,
I drink my kumiss
With pepper and pumice,
I swim where the herring do
In search of derring-do,
I crouch in a pergola
To catch me a burgola,
I'm the Gustavus Adolphus,
Of tennis players and golphus.
Compared to me they're a tortoise



by Ogden Nash

A recipe, or something, for summer reading

With advanced rigor mortis.



I combine the music of Götterdämmerung

With the words of the Decamerung,

I woo nymphs like billy-o

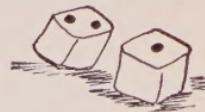


With my well-known punctilio,

Which unless I've progressed

Is the punkest tilio by actual test.

I roll a one and a two at dice and consider them better
than a good cook or a good wife are,



Because one and two are fwee,

and that's what the best things in life are.

And if any one disagrees

they might just as well not have done it,

Because I know this business backwards

and that's the way I propose to run it.

So kindly pass me that writ of replevin,

I wish to slap it on the summer of '47.



1947

is not 1919

A sharp reminder that today's foreign policy
must be based on today's realities

By WALTER LIPPmann

NO AMERICAN now alive has been educated and trained to deal with the responsibilities, the interests, the influence, and the power of the United States in the world today. We are all of us the children of yesterday, and therefore surprised again and again to find that events have been changing faster than we can change our minds.

A good concrete example, well worth studying, is the treaty which was first proposed by Senator Vandenberg, then offered to the Allies by Secretary Byrnes, and promoted at the Moscow Conference by Secretary Marshall. Under this treaty the United States would join Britain, France, and the Soviet Union in a guaranty that for 40 years Germany will not be allowed to arm and commit aggression.

In 1919, at the end of the first German war, France, and all the other victims of Germany, implored us to give this guaranty. We refused. At the time of Munich, in 1938, when the second

German war was already prepared but not yet fatally and finally launched, an American guaranty of the kind we are now offering would have changed the course of history. If it had not deterred Hitler, it would certainly have meant that the character and consequences of the war would have been wholly different. The American guaranty would have meant that we began to mobilize and arm ourselves as early as 1938. We did not actually take serious measures until the beginning of 1942. During these years Czechoslovakia, Poland, Denmark, Norway, Belgium, the Netherlands, and France were crushed, and Great Britain subjected to an ordeal from which, as a world power, she may never recover.

Because the United States was not ready to fight a major campaign in Europe until the spring of 1944, the brunt of the struggle with the German army fell upon the Russians. It was during the period of the Russian defense before Moscow and at Stalingrad,

and of the Russian counteroffensive while we were still training our troops and building up our armaments, that Roosevelt and Churchill made the agreements with Stalin which are now denounced as appeasement.

THESE AGREEMENTS, which we do not like, were made when the Americans and British were unable to defeat the German army and to invade Germany, not to speak of defeating the Japanese army and of invading Japan. They were made by men who

wanted the Red Army to come into the Balkans, into Central Europe, and into Germany, knowing that if the Red Army did not, we should have to fight two thirds of the German army ourselves. Now we wish the Russians would go home. But in 1942, 1943, and 1944 we were praying that they would come forward into Europe. If we are looking for someone to blame because the Russians are now halfway across Europe, we shall have to blame ourselves for waiting so long to intervene and to arm.

"We had better understand this postwar Europe . . ."

BLACK STAR





"The Dutch do not rejoice . . ."

BLACK STAR

In offering this treaty of guaranty, we now feel that we have learned the lesson. But we find that none of the Allies, who would have jumped at it even as recently as three years ago, now cares for it. The Russians are opposed to it, the French do not like it, the British are polite but cool about it.

WHY DO THEY now fob off what once they would have welcomed eagerly? The real reason is that

they know, though we may still think it an open question, that the United States is no longer an isolationist power. We think that the Old World still has to be convinced that America is not going to withdraw from European and world affairs. We think this because we are still arguing about isolation in this country.

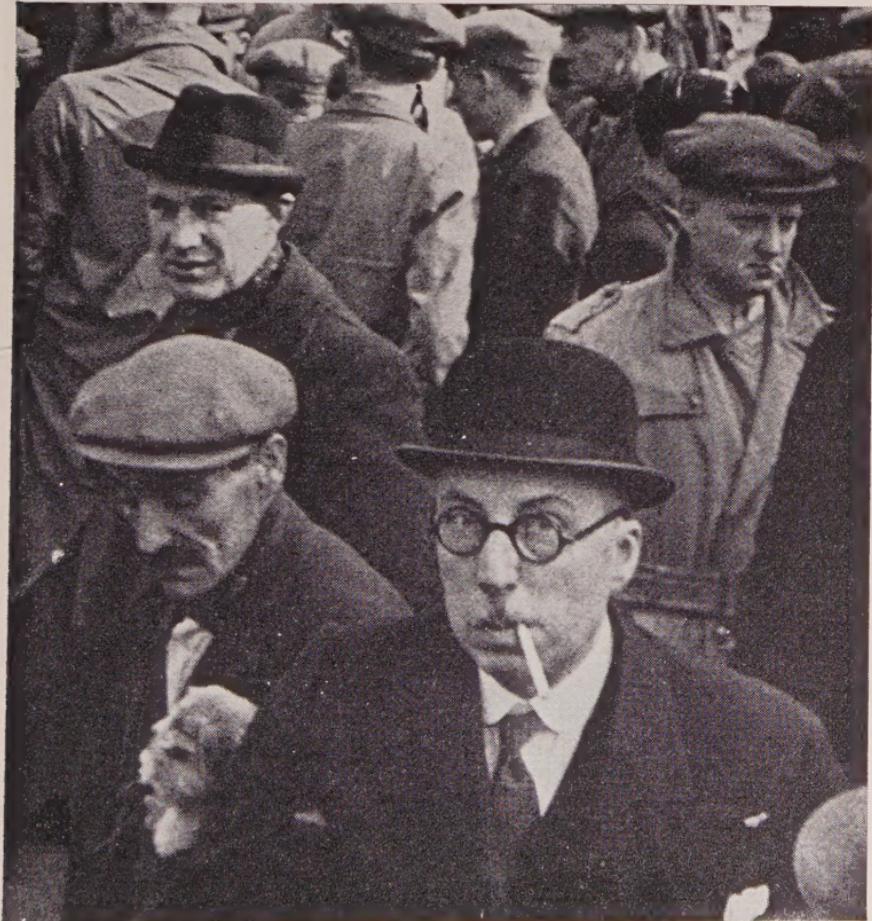
We think it also because our diplomats and intelligence agents abroad take their views in large measure from the Euro-

peans who governed Europe in prewar days but no longer govern it today. The prewar Europeans are the Europeans we know best, meet at dinner, and are able to talk with because they speak English or at least understand our French. They fear we shall retire as we did in 1919, and it is chiefly to them that our assurances are directed.

But the postwar Europeans are new people in control of the governments, and they are a younger

generation. They do not remember 1919 and the defeat of Wilson. They do not think of the United States as a nation which reluctantly came to their rescue. They have quite a different picture of the United States. They see us as a very great world power, which has expanded all over the Pacific and Atlantic, has thrust itself into the Mediterranean, and is engaged in open political warfare with the only power of comparable size, the Soviet Union. They

"The British are not charmed . . ."



HUTTEN BLACK STAR

see the continent of Europe as the main theater of the political warfare, and as the predestined battlefield if it develops into a shooting war.

They are not worrying, as the prewar Europeans did, about whether we can be induced to stay in Europe. They are worrying about what happens to them because we are in Europe. They know we are involved for keeps, and that no treaty Mr. Byrnes or Secretary Marshall can offer them is necessary to keep us involved. What troubles them now is what we shall do in Europe, and not whether we shall pull out of Europe.

That goes for the British, the French, and for all the other European nations. The British are not charmed with the idea of their island being the immovable American aircraft carrier. The French are not charmed with the idea of being the permanent beachhead of the American expeditionary force. The Belgians and the Dutch do not rejoice at the prospect of being the left flank of Operation Europe.

Moreover, even if Operation Europe does not become a shooting and atomic war, the postwar Europeans do not regard our presence in Europe as an unmixed blessing. I do not believe they want us to withdraw. But I have no doubt that they wish they felt more certain we would not carry our contest with the Soviets to the point where they have to choose between us and the Russians. For if they have to make that choice, it will mean civil strife in most of Europe. That is an ideological luxury which the

wracked and hungry people of Europe can not afford. They need a period of convalescence, a time of tranquillity won by compromise, and though they need our help to recover, they shudder at having themselves treated as the pawns of a world-wide Soviet-American conflict of power and their homes and their cities as the theater of an ideological and religious war.

THE TREATY of guaranty which they really want now is that, since we are going to stay in Europe, we shall support a settlement which unites Europe. They want us to bring not a sword but peace, not the promise of our armed intervention, which is now superfluous since it will happen without any treaty, but the design of a settlement for Germany within the ancient system of Europe.

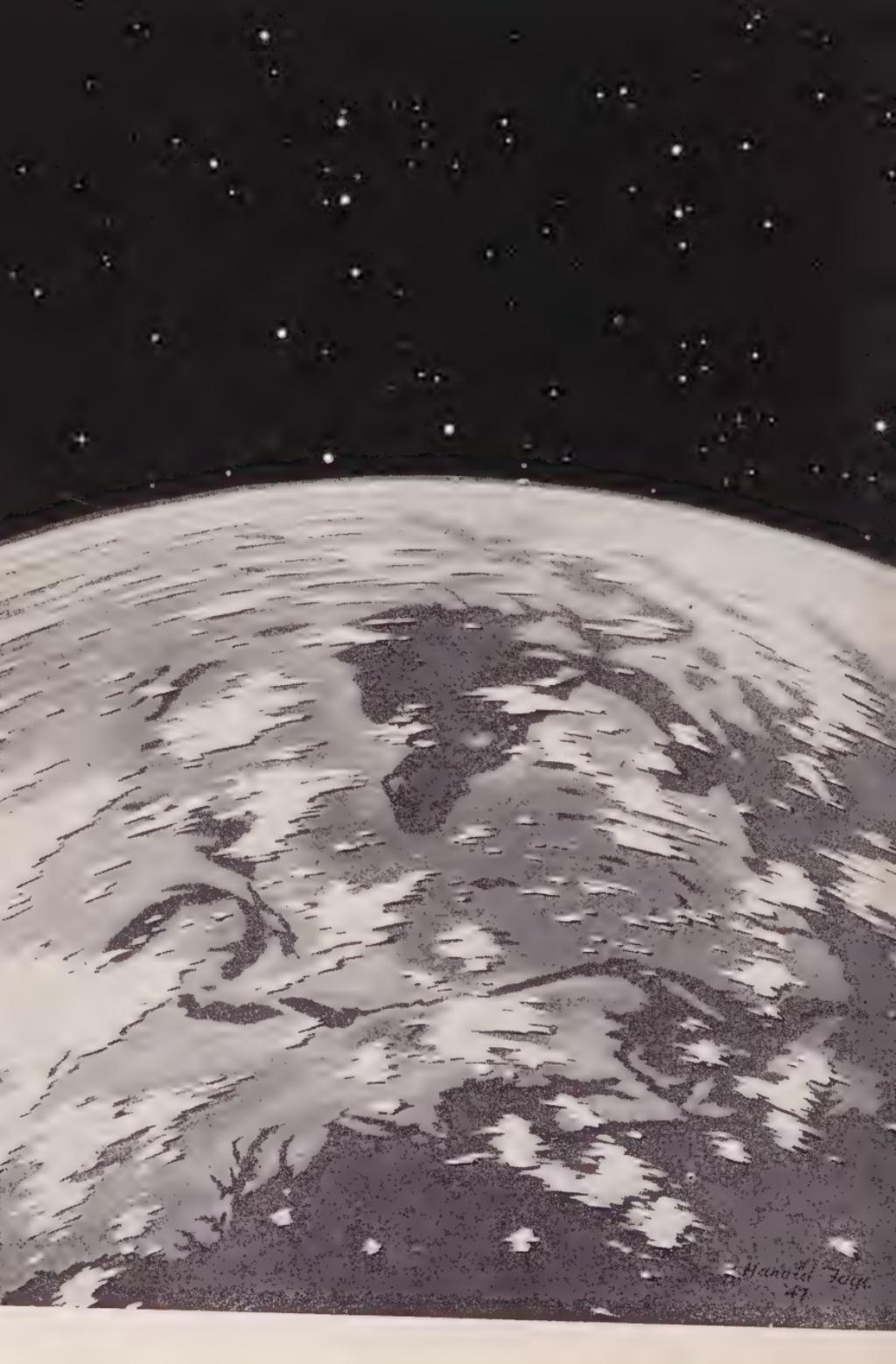
They do not want to be overrun or dominated by the Russians anymore than we do. Not even the communists of Europe want that. But neither do they want to be divided irreparably, and then destroyed, in the most gigantic of all wars between the two non-European giants. They want Europe to revive, and to stand between Russia and America, and by its strength and its influence to make sure that there is no Third World War in the twentieth century.

We had better understand this postwar Europe, which is so different from the prewar Europe to which so much of our diplomatic thinking is directed. For otherwise we shall be living in the present but trying to act as if it were still yesterday. END



"They want us to bring not a sword but peace . . ."

VISHNIAE-BLACK STAR



Harold Felt
47

LOOKING DOWN AT THE SKY

Want to leave the earth? You'd find yourself
in a place without sound or scent, where your
body freezes solid and the sun's an atomic bomb

By JEROME S. MEYER

Illustrated by HAROLD FAYE

IN SPITE of the recent experiments on rockets and the discovery of atomic energy we shall have to leave it to the astronomers to tell us what outer space is like. They alone can take us thousands of miles above the earth and give us a picture of what it looks like without exposing our frail bodies to instant death.

Suppose you and I were to take a scientifically imaginative trip into outer space. What would we see? Would we see the earth as a big globe, with white polar caps and glistening oceans, slowly turning on its axis? Would we be able to distinguish the continents and oceans just as they appear on a map? Would it be cold in those outer regions or would the sun's rays warm things up and make it fairly comfortable?

From 1500 miles away in space, the earth's surface (left) is brilliant in green and orange under an inky sky. Clouds are white and water areas black. The horizon is more than 2800 miles away, beyond the Great Lakes and Hudson Bay. Diagram (right) shows your relative position.

Before we try to answer these questions you will have to assume that we are both endowed with supernatural powers. By that I mean that nothing can hurt or kill us. You will have to assume further that we both leave this earth in some way without being in any space ship or rocket. You and I are alone in space, that's all.

At a height of 200 miles above the earth we find that the sky has become inky black and is studded with millions of stars, many of them shining with a brilliance which is almost frightening. No night sky that we have ever seen can compare with this one. We notice the Big Dipper, Polaris, the Pleiades, Orion, and many familiar stars; but we are also aware of the thousands of stars that we have never been able to



see from the earth. The heavens are teeming with lights. We are compelled to a deep sense of reverence for the force that created this overwhelmingly vast cosmos.

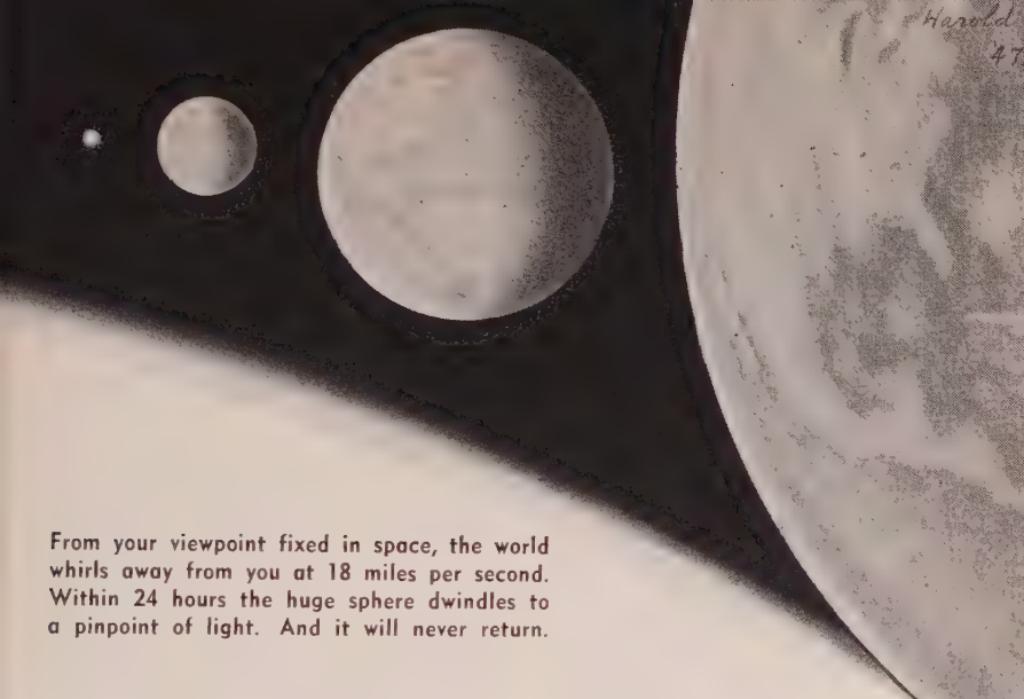
Silence seems to crush us from all sides. We try our best to break it by conversation; but we find, to our dismay, that there is no longer any such thing as the spoken word. Our lips move, but no words come from them. Sound cannot exist if there is no medium to transmit it; out here we are far beyond the earth's atmosphere. It is as though I were looking at a much-too-brilliant technicolor movie close-up of you without any sound track. We now know what it is like to be deaf, and if we stopped to consider a while we would realize that we also have lost our sense of smell. Two of our five senses have disappeared and won't return to us until we come back to earth again. Everything is as still as death itself. There is no air, no breeze, no weather, no resistance as we move rapidly upward.

OVER TO ONE SIDE of us, at an angle of about 45 degrees to the earth's curved horizon, is the sun. It is not at all like the warm, life-giving sun that we have always known. It is now a blindingly white blotch in a black, star-studded sky—a truly terrifying and awe-inspiring sight. No longer do its rays light up the sky. There is no atmosphere here, and for the first time, perhaps, we realize that the atmosphere scatters and reflects the tiny, short waves of solar light to give us that gorgeous, soft, iridescent blue we call the sky.

The sun is no longer our best friend. Here it is our enemy, for its rays mean certain death. This is because the sun's ultraviolet rays are extremely intense in outer space. When they strike our skin they cause inflammatory reactions resulting in dead tissue and coagulation of the blood vessels. It is much worse than being exposed to the rays of the atomic bomb. The sun is, after all, a gigantic mass of perpetually erupting atoms which send out strong ultraviolet rays and poisonous gamma emanations to far corners of the solar system. Exposure to these gamma rays can easily cause our bodies to become radioactive and glow like the hands of a radium clock. Internal radioactivity in the body means sure and painful death, and nothing can prevent it.

By this time we are about 1000 miles above the earth's surface, and when we look down we see the general form of the continent nearest to us. All rivers, lakes, and bays as well as the ocean appear to be almost black. The land areas take on a blend of dull green and Persian orange, brilliantly illuminated by the dazzling sun. If we look closely we can distinguish white spots, some larger than others. These, we realize, are clouds.

Small rivers and lakes are invisible at this distance, but large ones appear as black streaks and blotches on the highly illuminated surface. Of course, no sign of life of any kind can be detected; no indication of any motion whatever. We cannot distinguish any mountains from this distance, for the surface of the



From your viewpoint fixed in space, the world
whirls away from you at 18 miles per second.
Within 24 hours the huge sphere dwindles to
a pinpoint of light. And it will never return.

earth appears quite smooth and even, like a painted globe.

The horizon is curved so much by now that we can look due west, due north, and due south with only a slight turn of the head.

A rule-of-thumb formula in mathematics tells us that the horizon is about 2800 miles away, and if we are directly over New York City we can see into the State of California, although we cannot recognize any cities.

WE KNOW that this is a mental, not a physical trip, for we could be instantly killed in five or more different ways. To mention some: we cannot breathe without air and there is no air here. The internal pressure of our bodies is so great that our veins and arteries would burst out in violent hemorrhages in this pressureless space.

The intense cold of absolute zero, which is 459.6 degrees below zero Fahrenheit, would freeze our bodies to a stonelike mass while the terrifying heat and death-dealing rays of the blinding sun not only would burn our bodies to a crisp but make them radioactive. Collision with a meteor is an ever-present danger.

Let us now assume that we have fixed our position in space at a point just 1000 miles above New York City. Here we remain to watch the huge earth below us. Isn't it logical to think that in three hours from now the earth will have turned on its axis enough to bring a point in California directly below us and to extend our horizon well out into the Pacific Ocean? We naturally expect this to happen, but we are in for a great surprise.

In one hour the earth will be

about 65,000 miles farther away from us. We must remember that, besides rotating, the earth is moving around the sun at the rate of about 18 miles per second. In three hours it will appear as a huge ball, partially lit up by the sun, with the continents growing fainter every second. Whether it will be a full earth or a quarter earth or just a crescent earth depends entirely upon where the sun is in relation to our position.

Many astronomers and physicists believe that the earth's atmosphere forms a sort of blanket around it and the sun's rays are reflected from the outer surface of the so-called blanket. This is what takes place on the planet Venus. Venus has an atmosphere of carbon dioxide which reflects the sunlight and prevents us from viewing the planet's surface.

According to this theory, a human being on Venus could not possibly see through our atmosphere any more than we can penetrate the atmosphere of Venus. And so the rapidly disappearing earth becomes whiter and whiter and brighter and brighter in the sun's reflected light.

In a week from now it will be no larger than Venus and we shall be left entirely alone.

SO HERE WE ARE the following week, fixed in space and surrounded by the intense cold of our universe. Above us, below us, all around us we see nothing but brilliant stars in endless blackness. We are hundreds of thousands of miles from the earth or its moon and millions of miles from any of the other planets.

We can't fall anywhere because there is nothing near enough to attract us. We can't move in any direction because we have nothing to push ourselves away from.

Even if we could move we should travel forever in a straight line. If we turn around or move our bodies slightly, we shall be forced to keep that motion going forever; there is nothing to stop it. How are we going to get ourselves out of this terrible predicament?

There seems to be only one solution—to wait the year out and drop back to the earth when it returns from its little 584,000,000-mile trip around the sun. This appears to be feasible until we consider that the earth is not going to return, because the sun and the entire solar system are moving at the rate of 12 miles per second among the stars.

Next year the sun will be no larger than a first-magnitude star and the earth and moon will be too far away to see, even with a telescope. Perhaps we did not realize that even in an imaginative trip such as this, we have attempted the impossible. We have tried to fix ourselves rigidly in space and, according to the theory of relativity, this cannot be done. Everything everywhere in the universe is in motion and there is no such thing as absolute rest. There is only one way to get back to the earth now—the same way by which we left it.

Now that we are back from our fantastic trip, let us be content to stay here. Troublesome as the earth may be, it is the only place in the entire universe where man can exist.

END



Mary Gibson

"God is too a Republican!"

Heavy Fantastic

Tuesday Night is Jive Night at the Savoy Ballroom

Photographs by MARION CHARLES HATCH

Text by BRUCE MITCHELL

BOOTTED rugging is a righteous frame builder, an anxious and foxy jive of jumping youth.

This mad and glad groundpad action is being nixed in many spinmills, but this pulp and picture deal hips you that the chock cats and chicks still send themselves at the Ace Track's 400 function every Tuesday dim in the Big Apple.

In many chalk swing and sway pads, Ops have put down a sold onion play on the jive, spilling that the jit spinning endangers the Homes and Lanes.

Well, old man, in the Apple the cat with the foxy cow action still wears that gold one. The cats and chicks work out their own jive, coping a slave tip in dommies, pads, and thinkmills. When really in there, they broom to the Ace Track, to break it up and collar a groovy spel for their righteous rock.

JITTERBUGGING IN HARLEM—a translation

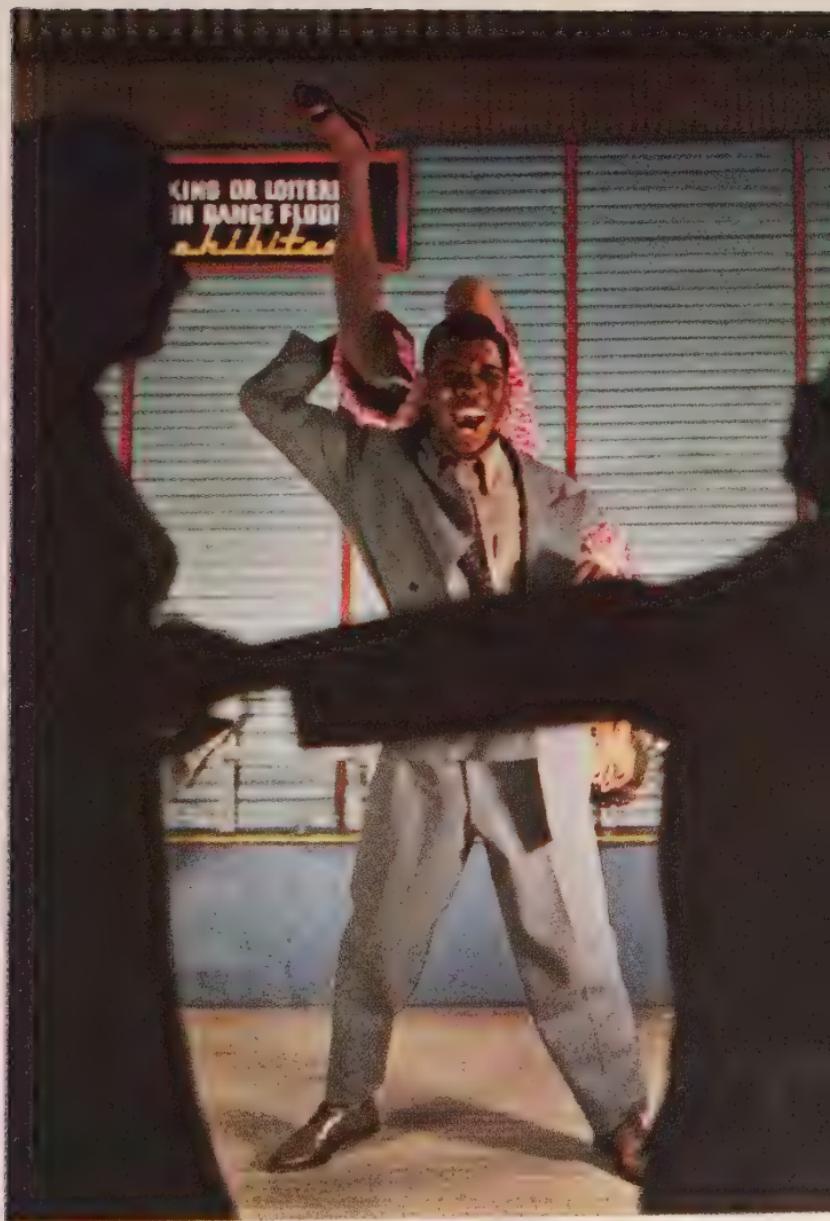
JITTERBUG dancing is athletic dancing, an emotional and esthetic expression of vigorous youth.

The freakish and fantastic steps are becoming rare in many ballrooms, but these pictures show that jitterbugs still do sensational dances when the Savoy Ballroom's 400 Club meets Tuesday night in the heart of Harlem.

In many ballrooms, managers have banned jitterbug dancing, contending that it endangers the more conservative patrons.

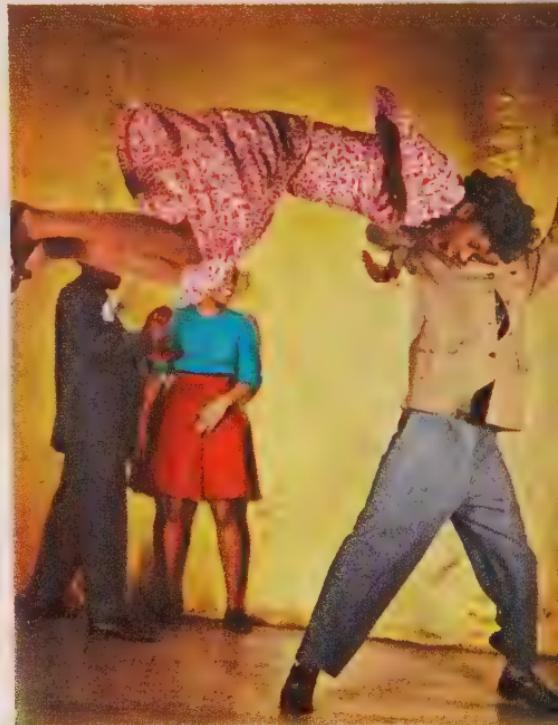
But in Harlem the jitterbug still wears the crown. The couples work out their own steps, practicing at home, in empty halls and schools. When ready to perform, they hurry to the Savoy to thrill the onlookers and win acclaim for their remarkable feats.

Chunking her over his conk: it's a fractured wig for the dinner less'n he snaffles her prayerbone. (Tossing his partner over his head: it can mean a cracked skull for the girl if he fails to catch her knee.)





The pigeon loops on back over the
raise of her drag, coming down on her
crunchers like an alley rabbit. (The girl
does a back somersault over her part-
ner's arm, landing on her feet like a cat.)



Roosting in the driftsmoke as the head
in the backways eyeballs the tab and
busts her chops falling out. (Up in the
clouds as the girl in the background looks
on and laughs, enjoying the show.)

It takes a fly deuce to cover all spots with such boogity-boogity plank-pounding. (It takes an alert pair to cope with such lively steps.)



Flying home and gone with it. Easy to glim, hard to trim. (Completely in control of the flip, which looks much easier than it really is.)



In this tip, the stud heists her off the boards with his grabbers while dropping one. (In this action, the boy lifts her off the floor with his hands as he kicks.)



A VOTERS' REVOLUTION

The national Presidential primary can be forced down the throats of the party bosses. Here is how.

By ROSCOE DRUMMOND

IN THE MAY issue of '47 I wrote a piece urging direct national Presidential primaries. Quite a few guns, large and small, went off. Here's how the battle looks at the moment.

Briefly the politicos don't want you to choose your own Presidential nominees in 1948. They're going to insist that Papa knows best. They're going to complain that it's just too complicated to remove the nominating machinery from the hands of the party managers and place it in the hands of the party voters. They do not appear to be enthusiastic about giving up power.

To my premise that the President is not truly the people's choice unless the nominees are also the people's choice — there was almost total agreement.

To my statement that convention nominations are undemocratic, are sometimes rigged, have been stolen outright — no significant dissent.

To my natural conclusion that the major parties simultaneously conduct binding, national precon-

vention party primaries so that Vox Pop can really talk up — vigorous support from reader-voters, anemic support from a few politicos.

Evidently we, the voters, won't get our rights by asking. We'll have to do something positive about it. Even more than they fear the opposition party, the politicos fear organized voters within their own party. That's our cue: Hit them where they scare easiest.

Do you feel outraged at being denied the means of choosing your Presidential nominees? Then let your Congressman and Senator know about it. For their names and addresses, consult the Congressional Directory in any library, or ask your local board of elections. Also let the Democratic and Republican National Committees know that the voters want to select as well as elect their candidates for President. The Democratic National Chairman is Robert E. Hannegan, c/o Dem. Natl. Comm., Mayflower Hotel, Washington, D. C.; the

Republican, Carroll Reece, Rep. Natl. Comm., 1337 Connecticut Ave., Washington 6, D. C.

The party professionals are driven to put their opposition to a direct, binding national primary on technical grounds: They suggest that the voters might not vote. They suggest that state rights might be invaded. They suggest that so many candidates might run that the outcome wouldn't express majority opinion. They suggest that it would be too complicated. They suggest it might be better to forget the whole thing.

NOT ALL of the political professionals are opposed to the idea. Edward J. Flynn, the Bronx boss who managed Franklin Roosevelt's fourth-term campaign, can hardly be accused of ignoring political realities. He is ready to give his backing to a national primary movement.

"In its general purpose," he wrote, "I think the thoughts expressed (in the article, *A People's President*, '47 for May) are excellent. Something I have always maintained is that the one way of obtaining proper nominees for public office is through the direct primary. Unfortunately, it is always difficult to impress the average voter with the great advantages that are his under this system. To suggest that he or she vote in a primary is usually met either with ridicule or wonder. They will vote in the general election, but that is like closing the barn door after the horse has been stolen."

Werner W. Schroeder of Illinois is a political manager of wide ex-

perience on the Republican side. He is Vice-Chairman of the Republican National Committee. Mr. Schroeder sees a direct national Presidential primary as a source of strength to the party itself.

"I am in agreement with the principle of the article," he wrote. "The party conventions would be in much better position to conduct a campaign if an accurate and dependable recording of sentiment were made prior to the nominations.

"I agree that the convention situation as now developed is highly unsatisfactory. It stems from the original idea that a political party was a purely voluntary association and could nominate its candidates in any manner it pleased. Through 50 years of legislation we have gotten away from this idea in the states but it still prevails in national affairs."

Nearly 30 years ago Senator George Norris of Nebraska introduced a resolution advocating the direct national primary. When political realists like Ed Flynn and Werner Schroeder can join with an idealist like Senator Norris there is sound reason to believe a national primary is more than a pipe-dream.

THERE IS nascent support in the Senate today for action which would bring the national Presidential primary into being. Senator William Langer of North Dakota recently sought to attach an amendment to the Presidential tenure bill which would have made the direct national primary a Constitutional requirement.

Republican Senator George D.

Aiken of Vermont is one of the leading advocates of the national Presidential primary.

He understands the behavior of the professionals. The practice is for delegates to national conventions to be nominated at state conventions by local delegates. These are chosen at caucuses attended by only a small percentage of the voters in their respective precincts. These caucuses, any honest politician will admit, are generally controlled by political party bosses.

I know of one state political boss who, as casually as though he were disposing of a couple of sacks of potatoes, told how he had sold half his delegation to one Presidential candidate and the other half to the opposing candidate.

SOME OF THE principal questions raised by the proposal of a direct national Presidential primary, together with what seem to me to be fair answers, are these:

Haven't State primaries proved that they elicit only a light vote, and wouldn't there be a risk of minority nominations because of light voting?

When elections are significant, voters show that they are ready to get out and vote. A national party primary would be a vital, educative process. It would force the party's national figures into the open arena. It would produce a vivid and significant national debate, thereby clarifying issues. Under such circumstances, a small vote is improbable. Give

the voters the chance—let them prove or disprove the fear that a small vote would rule.

Might not the direct primary produce a fickle choice of Presidential nominees, the result of passing emotion or the excessive influence of a temporarily popular personality?

The question is based on a premise which experience has disproved. The premise is that the judgment of the American people as a whole cannot be trusted. The opponents of the direct national primary say that the strongest candidates of the convention system—Hoover, Franklin Roosevelt, Willkie, Dewey—corresponded to the public will. Opponents also admit the nominations of Harding in 1920 and William Howard Taft in 1912 flouted public will. It was respectable public judgment, wasn't it, to prefer Teddy Roosevelt over Taft, and anybody over Harding? I believe the American people can be trusted.

Wouldn't an open direct primary put a lot of nondescript candidates in the running and risk a hopelessly divided vote?

No, because there would be required a substantial nationwide petition to enable an aspirant for the Presidential or Vice-Presidential nomination to get on the primary ticket.

Since the fixing of voting qualifications and the conduct of elections rest within the jurisdiction of the states, would a national Presidential primary require a constitutional amendment?



Not necessarily. A constitutional amendment would be needed to achieve a uniform federal primary law applicable to all states and to all parties. It is possible that a simple act of Congress, requiring the states to hold primaries on a certain date, but at the expense and under the management of the respective states, would be sufficient. Qualifications for voting would continue to be determined by the states.

In actual political practice, it would be no more complicated for all states to hold a meaningful national primary simultaneously than for a few states to hold such meaningless primaries as they now do.

NEXT YEAR the real nomination contest will be among the Republicans. President Truman will be

renominate whether by convention or by primary. Wouldn't it be better for the Republican voters themselves to decide whether they want Dewey, Stassen, Taft, or Vandenberg—or Warren, Saltonstall, Lodge, or Bricker—than to have the party professionals decide for them?

The direct, binding national Presidential primary would have to be tried to prove its full worth and workability.

Is it too dangerous to put a little more rule into the hands of a free people?

If we want to make more democracy work, we can do it. If we, the voters, demand our party rights as well as our electoral rights vigorously enough, the party professionals cannot long deny our demand.

It's up to us.

END



A QUESTION OF USE

My grandfather was a good and charitable man. He was also a good and prominent Roman Catholic. Sometimes the two selves were in conflict.

For instance, there was the time the Protestant church in the little community where he spent his summers burned down. Some weeks later, Grandfather was surprised to see the black-clad figure of the parson mount the front steps and ring the doorbell. Grandfather hid his curiosity until he had to ask right out:

"And to what good chance do I owe this unexpected visit?"

"To an unfortunate circumstance, Judge O'Brien. I have been trying these many weeks to raise enough money to rebuild our modest chapel. But it is so

costly. Before we can even start rebuilding, it will cost nearly a thousand dollars to tear down the burned out ruins. Could you see your way clear to giving us some financial assistance?"

Grandfather sat up very straight. "Why now, sir," he said, "and what do you think Father Keleen would say to my helping to build a Protestant church?"

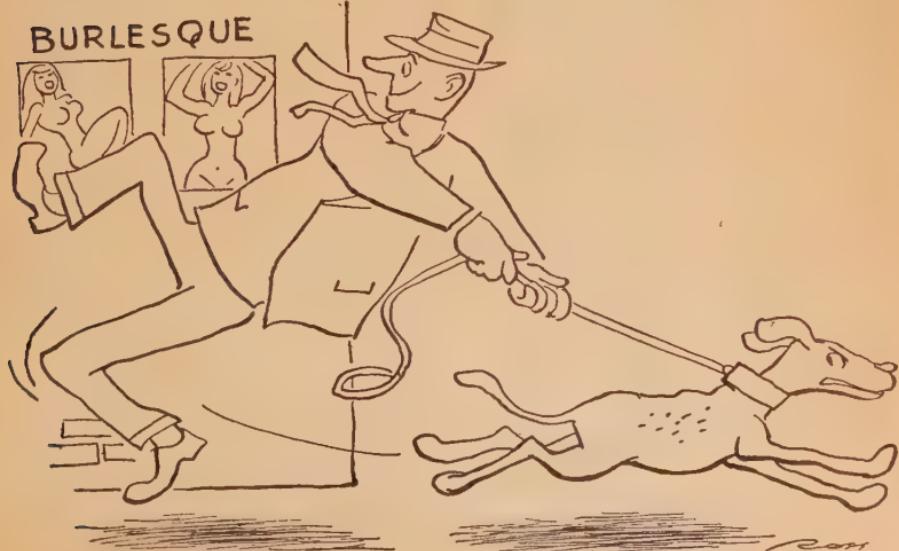
There was a pause, during which the parson got up to go. Grandfather gestured to him to be seated again.

"How much," he asked, "did you say it would cost to tear down the ruins of your church?"

"All of \$800."

"In that case," said Grandfather, "you can expect a check in the morning. Just be sure it is used to destroy the building."

—Henry James, Jr.



Vacation Without Fears

Out of wartime science have come new ways of fighting old enemies, from sunburn to impetigo

By J. D. RATCLIFF

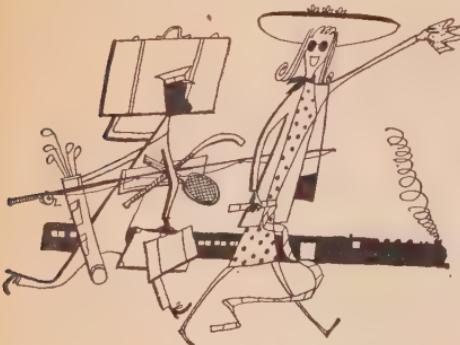
MODERN MEN and women—particularly if they are Americans—are proud of their streamlined bodies. They are people who like their summer vacations outdoors. But, as many of them have found out, vacationing without suffering is a science and an art.

Research men have made notable progress against a number of vacation-wrecking pests and plagues. Concerning the chief plague, sunburn, war research turned up a whole set of new facts. There was good reason for this. A pilot downed in the desert, or a sailor on a raft in the South Pacific could be scorched, maddened, burnt to death by the sun.

Better means of protecting the skin were needed and the brunt of the research work fell on Dr. Matthew Luckiesh, of General Electric's Lighting Research Laboratory in Cleveland.

Problem Number One was to find a means of quickly producing sunburn in the laboratory. Luckiesh solved this by constructing an ultraviolet lamp which produced only burning rays. Focused on the upper arm skin, it burned 60 times as fast as the hottest summer sun. In as little as eight seconds it reddened the skin, and it produced bad burns in 20 seconds.

Luckiesh then set about finding protective unguents and lotions. Many of those sold in drugstores gave negligible protection. The best one tested turned out to be red petrolatum, derived from crude oil. Skin protected by a film of this heavy, smelly stuff could stand the equivalent of 20 hours of brilliant sunlight with no burn. It had another characteristic desirable to the air forces, but not so desirable to the civilian sun bather. It is virtually impossible to wash it off the skin.



But the researchers did dig out many facts of peacetime value. It was found, for example, that either Vaseline or zinc oxide—both of which are found in most bathroom cabinets—gave excellent protection.

Sunburn is simply an effort of the outer skin to protect delicate inner skins. On exposure blood comes to the surface, deposits red cells. These break down to make the brown pigment, melanin. When enough of this is deposited, the person has a good tan and is pretty much immune to further burning. The melanin screens out the burning ultraviolet rays.

Children burn easier than adults, dry-skinned people faster than those with oily skins, blondes more severely than brunettes. Negroes don't burn unless their skin has been sensitized by chemicals. The tars used in roofing and road building do this.

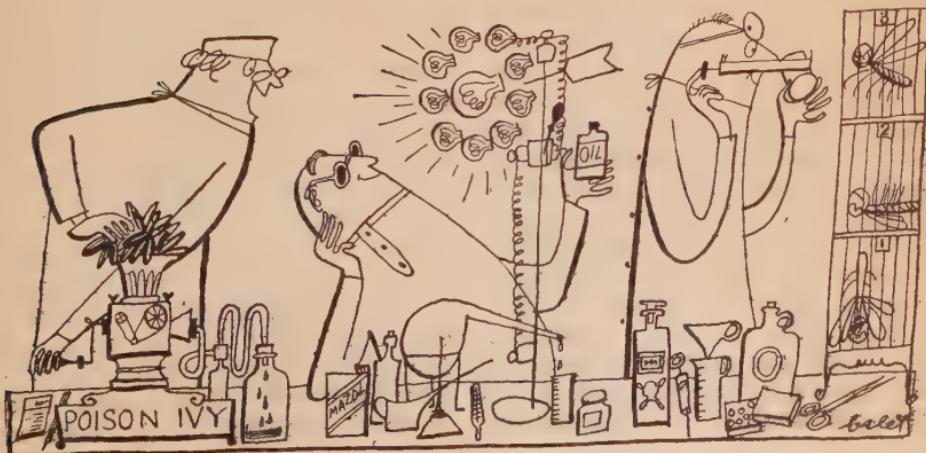
Since the sun is hottest between 10 A.M. and 2 P.M., this is the summer danger period. A safe

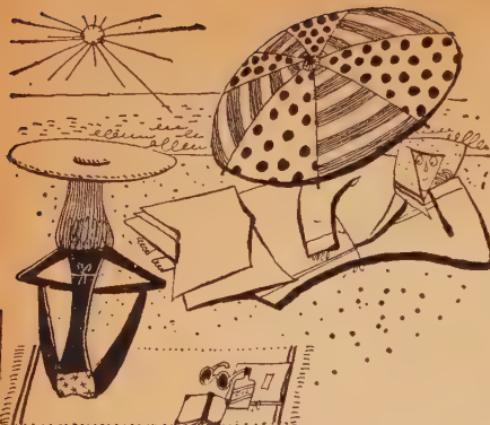
way to avoid burns is to spend only 15-20 minutes in the sun the first day; then add ten minutes each subsequent day. Another procedure is to spend an hour in the sun after 4 P.M.—when the sun isn't so hot. The second day, spend an hour beginning at 3:30, the third an hour beginning at 3 P.M., and so forth.

If such simple rules are disregarded, and a burn results, there are several steps to take. Burns are hardly ever severe enough to require medical attention. Home remedies suffice. Talcum powder soothes a mild pain. For more painful burns cold applications of caron oil or mineral oil help.

For really severe burns there is a new group of pain killers that achieve results by actually anesthetizing the skin. Pain relief is the prime consideration, since burns are self-healing wounds. These drugs act in much the same manner as cocaine or novocaine—giving long-lasting relief. Nupercainal, a salve, falls into this class. When this substance is absorbed

Illustrated By JAN BALET





through the skin, nerves are temporarily deadened. Because of the danger of too great absorption an adult should use no more than an ounce of this salve in any 24-hour period.

The best way to avoid sunburn, of course, is to stay in the house. Or, if you must go to the beach, go as grandma did—wearing a long-sleeved, long-trousered bathing suit and sitting under an umbrella. Since no one will follow this bit of advice, let's try another: Treat the sun with respect.

Poison Ivy

THERE ARE a number of plants which secrete poison sap. Most of them—poison ivy, poison oak, sumac—belong to the same plant family. At least 350,000 people a year are poisoned by these plants, a goodly number badly enough to require hospitalization.

Many susceptible people firmly believe that they "are poisoned if they go near the stuff." This isn't so. The saps aren't volatile. But they are incredibly potent. The laces of shoes that have brushed against ivy can poison

the hands. So can clothing and garden tools. Petting a dog or stroking a cat can transmit ivy poisoning if these animals have rubbed against the plants. There is truth in the legend that people are poisoned by smoke from fire on which ivy or oak are burning. The poisons ride soot particles. It is even possible for insects to carry them.

For highly susceptible persons there are two protections: to avoid the plants or have the plants destroyed. A new weed killer, called "2,4-D"—and going by a variety of trade names—is dramatically effective here. It is a hormone-like stuff which stimulates growth to a point where ivy and oak kill themselves. Within a week or so they are dead—from the roots up.

This hormone is mixed with water and spread with a spray or sprinkling can. It kills most broad-leaved plants (including flowers) but doesn't bother grass. A dollar will buy enough to kill all the poison ivy on a large-sized lot. Where poison ivy and oak are a municipal problem, the job should be undertaken on a community basis. Last year the city of Pasadena did such a job—obliterating these noxious weeds in parks, roadsides, and private property. Note in passing that "2,4-D" is also a killer of ragweed and other plants which cause hay fever attacks.

One curious twist to ivy poisoning is this. Each attack, instead of conferring immunity, heightens sensitivity. People may go for years and never have the watery eruptions that mark this disease, then suddenly become

susceptible. After this first attack others are sure to follow. Injections supposed to desensitize people to ivy poisoning have been a disappointment. Another procedure, that of eating a few ivy leaves in the spring in an effort to produce immunization, is highly dangerous. This practice, popular in the backwoods, has killed a number of people.

As a rule, eruptions don't come for several days after exposure to the plants. However, if a person does know when he has been exposed he should scrub immediately with an alkaline soap, preferably yellow laundry soap.

There are two recent remedies, both good, for ivy poisoning. Blisters should be broken, washed, then treated with a ten per cent solution of tannic acid.

This "tans" the blisters, prevents further infection. Another new remedy is aluminum acetate—an astringent for sale in all

drugstores. A wet dressing of this chemical should be applied and kept in place ten minutes. More is daubed on whenever the infected spot becomes itchy.

Insects

THE NEW aerosol bombs are the glamour weapons against insects. Several years ago it occurred to experimenters in the Department of Agriculture that insecticides would be more effective if they were dispersed in a fine mist. They tried vaporizing them on hot irons, and got good—if not easily achieved—results.

Then another thought occurred. Why not use Freon, the refrigerant, as an insecticide carrier? Freon boils well under room temperatures. It must, therefore, be kept under pressure. When this pressure is released by a nozzle, boiling starts and a fine mist results. This looked like an ideal carrier for insecticides—such as



pyrethrum, the chief ingredient in most fly sprays, and DDT.

The aerosol bomb was the result of this thinking. The mist it released was highly toxic to insects but harmless to human beings. As a prime weapon against flies and mosquitoes in the Pacific, Africa, and Italy it probably saved more lives than penicillin. It cut the incidence of such insect-spread diseases as malaria, dengue fever, yellow fever, and dysentery.

Besides life-saving, the bomb had other uses. When any gas expands—as in the aerosol bomb—it absorbs heat, therefore produces cold. The bombs were excellent for chilling beer.

The armed forces used 40 million of these bombs, and when they came on the market last summer civilians quickly snatched up 12 million of them. Far more than that will be used this summer to rid camps, hotels, and homes of pests.

On a larger scale, the idea has been used experimentally to rid whole neighborhoods of flies, mosquitoes, gnats, and moths. Insecticide is pumped out by the smoke generators, formerly used to throw a protective screen over troop landings so they couldn't be seen by observation and bombing planes. Smoke from such generators carries insecticide along with the winds, killing insects in a quarter-mile area.

Cheaply and efficiently, low-flying planes can dust whole areas with DDT. The procedure cleaned most insects out of Manila, one of the worst bug-ridden cities in the world.

The new insect repellents rep-

resent another advance. Finding such repellents is harrowing work. The researcher puts an unprotected arm in a cage full of hungry mosquitoes. With a stop watch, he checks the rate at which they are biting. He gets as many as 50 bites in half a minute. He then daubs a chemical, thought to have repellent properties, on the other arm. The rate of biting is checked on this arm. If the mosquitoes stay away from it, the chemical holds promise.

Thousands of such tests were run by both Army and Navy—and each came up with repellents of almost unbelievable effectiveness. Sprayed on uniforms or splashed on wrists, ankles, and face, they would keep mosquitoes away for as long as 36 hours, even in the most heavily infested districts. These mixtures were obvious boons to campers, fishermen, picnickers. They will be in every drugstore this summer under such trade names as *d-Ter*, *Skat*, and *612*.

Summer Infections

ONE OF THE COMMONEST, and one of the most stubborn infections prevalent in summer is impetigo. Children are especially susceptible to this skin infection, which is caused by a variety of microbes, particularly staphylococci and streptococci.

Impetigo has wrecked many a summer vacation, made life trying for many camp counselors. It spreads rapidly and may persist for months.

The new penicillin salves are the best antidotes for this disease. In a day or so they eradi-



cate impetigo that persisted under older modes of treatment.

Other Summer Hints

OBSERVATION of a few simple rules can avoid a lot of summer grief. There is the old question of heat stroke. The superstition is that it is induced by going into the sun without a hat. Actually heat stroke is caused by a number of things. One is loss of body salt by excessive perspiration. This can happen in the dark of a ship's coal tunnel, as well as in the Kansas sun. Salt tablets ward off this malady.

Another type of heat stroke is more serious. It results from too violent exercise. For example, a man plays several sets of fast tennis on a hot day. He becomes overheated, feverish. The heart works at top speed, trying to force the blood to the skin fast enough to keep the body cool. If it works too hard for too long, col-

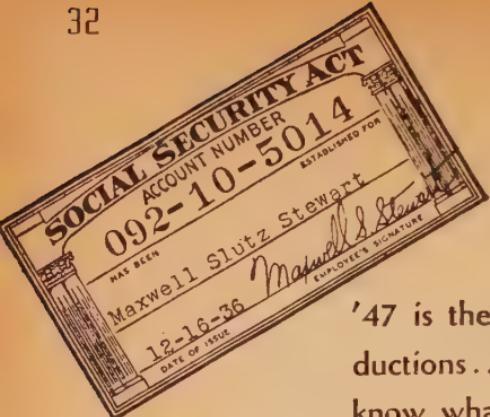
lapse follows. There is only one certain way to avoid this. Exercise in moderation—particularly after a long winter of inaction.

There is a widespread but false notion that cool drinks are to be avoided while a person is overheated. The body is making every effort to cool itself, via perspiration, and an iced drink hastens the process. Don't, however, drink quarts of cold liquid. If too much is consumed it can cause cramps of stomach muscles.

Swimming after a heavy meal can also cause cramps. Internal organs need a rich blood supply to help digest food. A plunge in cold water draws this blood to the skin. Starved of the blood they need, stomach muscles develop cramps.

Observation of these rules, plus intelligent use of new chemical weapons against insects, poison ivy, and sunburn can eliminate most vacation fears.

END



ONE PER CENT OF YOUR PAY

'47 is the tenth year of social security deductions...and benefits. Would you like to know what's been done with your money?

By MAXWELL S. STEWART

YOU HAVE been carrying a social security card in your wallet for ten years now. It was in January, 1937, that the first pay-roll deductions for old-age insurance were made.

Few of us remember the controversies that surrounded the passage and early enforcement of the act. Some critics foresaw wholesale bankruptcy. They predicted that many plants would be forced to close because of the huge cost of the plan. They said that neither the government nor private industry could hire enough men to keep the necessary records.

Others opposed security on principle. It seemed immoral to them that any considerable number of persons should be paid while idle.

Today, these auguries seem a little ridiculous. For social security is not only a going concern but is playing an increasingly important role in the American economy. More than 8,000,000 Americans have gained life-time

insurance protection against the results of old age or premature death. Some 35,000,000 others are now being partially protected.

Today nearly 1,750,000 persons are regularly receiving government checks totaling \$31,360,000 a month for old-age and survivors insurance. And if you picture all this going to white-haired old gentlemen, you're largely wrong. Fewer than three quarters of a million are retired workers. The rest include 220,000 aged wives of these superannuated workers, 135,000 widows of insured workers with young children, 460,000 children of deceased or retired workers, 125,000 aged widows, and 7000 aged dependent parents of deceased workers.

For the worker past 65, no strings are attached to these benefits. No investigator snoops around to find out whether the money is really needed, or how it is spent. The money belongs to the recipient because he has paid his insurance premiums regularly. It is *his* money. The Social

Security Act provides assistance to the aged, to dependent children, and to the blind on the basis of need. Checks go out to more than 3,000,000 such cases each month.

Shortcomings for the Aged

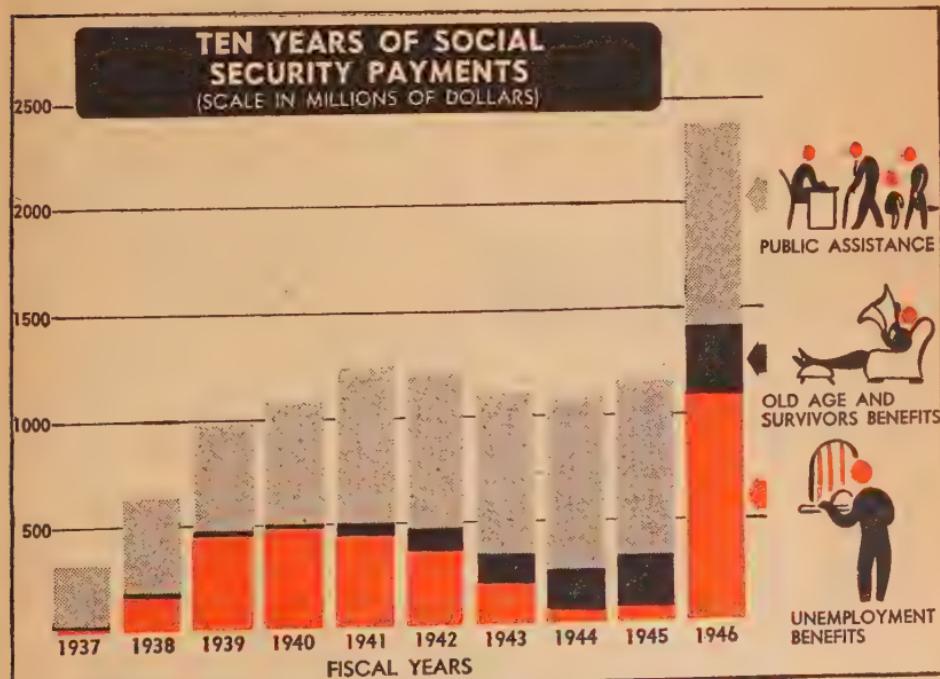
IT IS CLEAR from these figures that the story of the Social Security Act is a success story. Each year has seen more and more Americans protected against pauperism resulting from unemployment, old age, and death. None of the ominous predictions of ten years ago has been fulfilled, but neither have all the rosy prophecies of the social security advocates.

The greatest disappointment has been in old-age insurance.

Despite the social security program, tens of thousands of older persons are still on the relief rolls. Twice as many aged persons are still receiving old-age relief as are drawing regular benefits from their old-age insurance. Millions of other old folks are dependent on their children or are living on meager savings—completely shut out from the protection of social security.

The main reason for all of this is that a good many of our older workers have never been permitted to qualify for old-age insurance. Large groups are specifically excluded by law, and many of them are among those least able to save for a rainy day.

Farmers, hired hands, casual



The unemployment insurance paid each year varies with business conditions, but benefits for old-age, survivors, and public assistance have been increasing since 1937.

and domestic workers, for example, are denied the protection of social security. So are government employees, and workers for educational, scientific, religious, and nonprofit-making concerns, and the self-employed. Hundreds of thousands of others are not able to qualify because of illness, injury, unemployment, or part-time work. A man has to work regularly at certain specified jobs in order to qualify.

Ironically, most of the workers covered by old-age insurance are not as secure as those who have been left outside and can thereby claim old-age assistance from the states.

The figures are startling. After ten years of operation, the average old-age insurance benefit was only \$24.59 monthly. If the retired worker had a wife over 65—less than a third of them did—she too was entitled to a benefit. On the average, these wives drew \$13.05 each.

Old-age relief payments vary

considerably from state to state. But the average for the 2,100,000 recipients in the United States was \$32.15. Where there were two old persons in the family this would mean, in most instances, \$64.30 in relief as against \$37.64 from old-age insurance. In some states the difference was far greater. Old-age assistance in Washington averaged \$53.93 per person; in California it was \$47.72; in Massachusetts, \$47.45. Thus, in these states an old couple would be entitled to roughly \$100 a month from relief funds as compared with only about a third that amount from insurance.

Hazards of Unemployment

WHEN THE Social Security Act was first adopted people were thinking much more about the risks of unemployment than they were of old age. Throughout the 1930's there were always from seven to 12 million jobless men and women, and in 1940 the figure was a million and a half. Nearly everyone was deeply conscious of the tragedy of unemployment. Today there are job opportunities on all sides of us. But it is only fair to ask if, in another depression, our unemployment insurance will prevent personal disasters like those of the 1930's.

Without a doubt it will help tremendously. But we run into the same shortcomings encountered in old-age insurance. An even smaller number of workers are protected, and the same groups, by and large, are excluded. On top of this, workers can be disqualified for a number



Elderly couples are usually better off if they are *not* eligible for federal benefits.

of special reasons: they may not have worked long enough on the job; their pay may be too low; they may be earning money outside; or they may not have been out of work long enough.

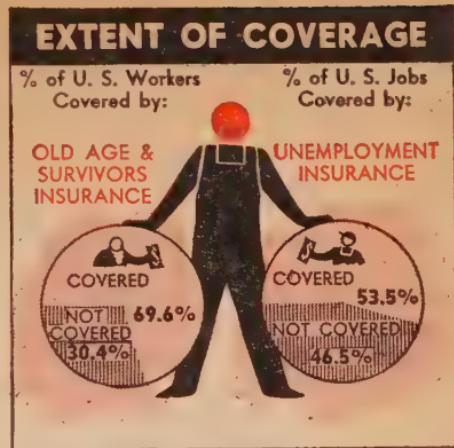
Although the benefits are higher than for old age—the average is \$18.27 a week for unemployment—they do not last long enough to give any real protection in a depression such as we had 15 years ago.

The degree of protection depends largely on the state in which a worker happens to be working. In New Jersey he may get a top of \$22 a week for 26 weeks; in Michigan as much as \$28 a week for 20 weeks; but in Arizona or Mississippi he would get at most \$15 a week for 14 weeks. Very few states continue unemployment benefits for as long as six months and a number pay for less than four months. Nor does a man with ten children get any more than a bachelor. The same, of course, is true of wages.

Such unemployment benefits are still not adequate. Insurance is preferable to relief chiefly because it avoids the stigma of pauperism. To be adequate, however, benefits should be at least as large as relief payments. Added allowances for dependents would make this possible.

Those Huge Reserves

BY THE BEGINNING of 1947 the reserves available for the payment of unemployment benefits had reached the staggering total of \$7,000,000,000. It is obvious that the restrictions with which unemployment payments have been



Workers denied benefits under the Act are among those most in need of protection.

hedged about cannot be explained on grounds of financial necessity.

Many states have more money in their unemployment compensation account than they know what to do with. When the Social Security Act was first adopted, many people feared too large a dose of security. They pointed out that we have always depended on the spur of hunger to bring about mobility of the labor force. Because many businessmen feared that social security would slow down such adjustments, they opposed the granting of liberal unemployment benefits and hedged these benefits around with numerous "safeguards" to prevent too many people from receiving them.

Incongruously enough, the degree of protection depends not upon need but upon what misfortune strikes. If you, an insured worker, are thrown out of a job, you may get as much as \$28 a week. If you are laid up

because of old age, you may draw from \$22 to \$44 a month. If you die, your family will be taken care of. But if you are laid up because of sickness or injury, you are out of luck. Your income stops at a time when you need it most.

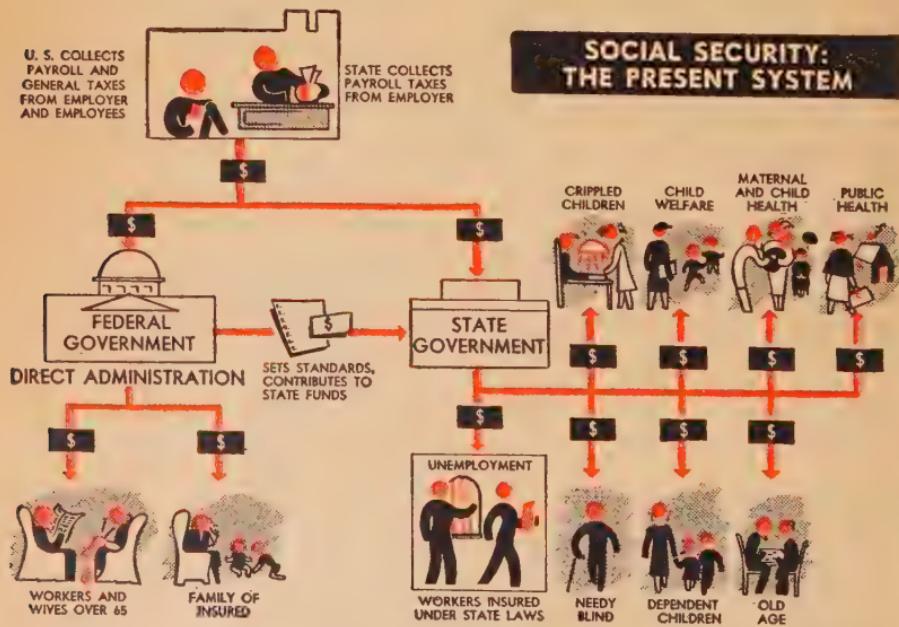
Many of the crippling diseases of old age don't wait until a man reaches 65. Statistics show that arthritis and heart disease very frequently attack in the 50's and early 60's. Crippling accidents may come at any time.

Other industrial countries provide the same protection against disability from these causes as they do against disability because of age. And as far as can be ascertained there are only three countries in Europe which

do not provide some form of sickness insurance.

Of course, it was known that there were gaps in the Social Security Act when it was first passed. It was felt, however, that it was necessary to get started even though a perfect law had not been worked out.

Other countries have also had to change their social insurance laws when experience showed that they had not gone far enough in their original provisions. The Beveridge revisions recently adopted in England are, for example, a far cry from the miserly prewar provisions. When Sir William was asked to make a thorough study of Britain's social security system, he devised a comprehensive plan that provided



Charts by Graphics Institute,

There are 51 state and territorial systems of unemployment insurance. Direct federal payments to individuals are only a fraction of social security benefits.

equal security for everyone—regardless of his job and regardless of the reason for his inability to work and provide for his family.

New Areas for Aid

ALTHOUGH we have nothing as ambitious as the Beveridge Plan in this country, the Social Security Board has made suggestions which, if adopted, would give more protection than Americans now enjoy.

Many of these suggestions are technical, and the average person would be aware of them only as he found it easier to obtain the unemployment or old-age benefits.

Several of the proposals, however, are far-reaching and imply a change in the basic approach to social security. This is true, for example, of the proposal to set up a single federal system of unemployment insurance in place of the present 51 state and territorial systems. About the only opponents of this idea are the state political machines which control the jobs in the state insurance offices.

The board has also suggested that security be financed, in part at least, out of general taxation. This is a far cry from the old idea, based on private life insurance, that the benefits should be paid out of funds that have been accumulated from regular contributions by the insured persons.

The new idea is thoroughly logical. Under the existing payroll tax arrangement, industry and the individual worker carry the full burden of old age and unemployment. The idea that

each individual should assume all the risks associated with age and joblessness has been rather thoroughly exploded by events. The notion that each employer should somehow be responsible for the security of his own workers is similarly archaic.

The forces which make for unemployment are bigger than any employer or any industry. Unemployment and dependency in old age are part of the price we pay for the benefits of mass production and free enterprise. It is only right, then, that the costs should be shared by all through taxation.

The Path Ahead

TEN YEARS AGO the critics of the social security program generally assumed that the United States would follow the example of pre-Hitler Germany and wreck its insurance system by overindulgence and soft-headedness in administration.

Nothing of the sort has happened. Quite the contrary. Today, with billions of dollars in idle funds tied up in reserves, it is evident that if we have erred it has been on the side of needless caution and niggardliness. It is vital that a social security system be kept solvent; but only for the sake of keeping it efficient.

In the long run it must be judged primarily by its effectiveness in providing security. And while no one should minimize the accomplishments of the past decade in laying the foundations of a sound structure of security, it should be recognized that a large part of the task, possibly the major part, lies ahead. END



"The low, subdued moaning was coming from across the hall."

The Necessary Knocking at the Door

A challenging story by the author of "The Street"

By ANN PETRY

ALICE KNIGHT woke up just a few hours after she had fallen asleep. She sat up in bed, leaning her weight on one elbow, listening, and wondering what had awakened her.

There was no sound anywhere—either in this room or, as far as she could determine, in any other part of the building. She examined the room with care, thinking that a jar of cold cream or, perhaps, a book might have fallen from the small table near the bed. Thus she became aware of the moonlight—pale, cold light that filtered through the small-paned windows, making grotesque patterns on the floor, the walls, the ceiling.

Perhaps a window shade had flapped. But there was no wind—the sheer curtains, the dark green shades, were motionless in the cold, still mountain air. Or,

she thought, the floor may have creaked as old floors do at night—the wood protesting against age, making a sound sharp enough to penetrate and disturb your sleep. Why would it creak once and not again? Or someone might have come up the stairs and stumbled. But there were no footsteps in the hall outside.

It was, she decided, much more logical to believe that she had been dreaming and that some phase of her dream had alarmed her. She lay down, pulled the blankets over her shoulders, closed her eyes.

Almost immediately afterward she sat up. Because there was a sound—a low, agonized moan. It was followed by heavy, strangled breathing—breathing that gasped and halted and seemed to come almost to a stop before it started again. Then the moan—low, long drawn out.

She reached for her dressing

gown, shoved her feet into her slippers. Opening the door of her room, she went out into the hall. The long corridor was washed with moonlight. The pale, cold light shimmered on the paneled walls. And looking at it, she thought the moon must have fingered its way throughout the building, superimposing an uncanny stillness as it traveled, so that now there was layer after layer of stillness in which no one coughed, or sighed, or turned over in bed.

She bent her head to one side, listening. The low subdued moaning had started again. It was coming from a room which was directly across the hall. She walked toward it, lifted her hand to knock on the door. Then she saw the name on the neat sign which was placed in a corner of the door panel: "Mrs. Taylor." The firm handwriting of the House Secretary stood out sharply black on the small white card.

She had forgotten that this was Mrs. Taylor's room. Her hand came away from the door. The sound of the uneven breathing, the low faltering moans, made her lift her hand again. But she did not knock. She stood, with her hand raised, staring at the card; and as she looked at it, she shivered.

The woman is sick, she thought. Even if she's sick she would reject an offer of assistance from you. The sight of you would make her worse. But I have to knock on her door, find out what is wrong. How can I? It is too much to ask of anyone.

She wished there were a brilliant light in the hall—the hard

yellow light from an unshaded electric bulb. In the pale moonlight the reality of this moment was lessening, fading, dying away. The outlines of the hall were blurred by the shimmering light; it even seemed to soften the sound of Mrs. Taylor's uneven breathing. She kept her eyes on the small white card, trying to focus her thoughts on it; but in its place she saw the images of all the things that prevented her from knocking at the door—saw them and hated them.

FOR MONTHS she had looked forward to attending this conference—the annual August Conference On Christianity in the Modern World—held at Rest House, high up in the Berkshires.

She had found herself thinking of the week she would spend here as being an oasis in the desert of the years she had lived in Washington—years of suffocating heat that started in June and did not end until October; years of trying to teach grammar to indifferent high school students; years of taking repeated insults that were an integral part of life in the capital.

When she had arrived at Rest House, the brisk mountain air and the fresh green of the countryside had made Washington's hot crowded streets take on the remoteness of a half-remembered dream.

And now—well, this was the second time she had found herself wishing she had stayed at home, in spite of the heat and the lethargy that she knew hung over Washington, in spite of the brilliant Conference speakers.

If she had stayed at home, she would not now be standing, shivering, in front of a closed door, afraid to make a perfectly normal, human gesture toward another woman who appeared to be in distress. She would not have been forced to transform her face into a mask of stillness as she had done at breakfast yesterday morning. Why didn't I go home then? she wondered.

As she stood there in the hall, her eyes on the small white card, she relived that moment when she had first seen Mrs. Taylor. It was in the dining room and there were bowls of white phlox on the window sills and a long T-shaped table extended down the center of the room. The room was filled with women. There was only one vacant seat—on her left. She heard the murmur of conversation, heard her own voice joining the other voices discussing minority groups in Europe. As she talked she unconsciously relaxed, basking in the warm-hearted acceptance of the other delegates.

While her head was turned a woman had slipped into the seat next to her. She had followed a sudden impulse, an impulse born of her deep satisfaction with Rest House, with the Conference itself, with the friendly atmosphere of the dining room, and had tried to draw the newcomer into the conversation.

And so she had said, not hesitantly, not delicately feeling her way, but boldly, with eagerness in her voice, with expectancy in her manner, "My! But this is good coffee!"

The woman looked at her once

and then stood up. Alice got a blurred impression of white hair, of contemptuous eyes. Then the woman made a violent thrusting motion with her hands, and the silver rattled, the plates clinked against the water glasses, all up and down the table.

The woman said, "I've never eaten with a nigger and I'm too old to begin now."

She left the dining room, walking swiftly. And Alice saw that she was still holding one of the small green breakfast napkins in her hand.

THERE WAS A long, uneasy silence. Remembering it, Alice tried also to remember exactly how she had felt. Hot? Cold? Both at once? One right after the other? Breath constricted? Yes. But why? From embarrassment? From hate? From anger? Perhaps all three.

She had forced every muscle in her body into immobility. And as she sat there so quietly, so calmly, the awful silence increased, widening, spreading. Then from all sides of the room came a babble of conversation—bright, quick talk hastily assembled to fill up the hollow place made by the silence.

Her vision became strangely distorted. For at that moment she saw everything multiplied. The big dining room seemed to be filled with frenzied movement. All about her hundreds of women's heads were nodding and shaking; thousands of hands jerked in an erratic and purposeless pointing and beckoning.

As she watched the moving heads, the gesturing hands, she made her face expressionless,

holding it as still as the silence, thinking: They are hurrying to build a bridge across the gaping silence. Each one of them is approaching with a straw to help build the bridge. They are carrying their straws between their teeth; hurrying, hurrying, hurrying, as they come to build the bridge. Why do I mind? Why should a word, a two-syllable word, make me hate them? Not just that one white-haired woman, but all of these others, too. What earthly difference does one word make?

Yes, she should have gone home right after breakfast yesterday. The determination to stay on until the Conference ended was a kind of defiance, a challenge hurled at the white-haired woman. If she left right after breakfast the other delegates would have known why, and have said she was abnormally sensitive, and have pitied her. She could not bear their pity—that was why she had stayed.

SHE LOOKED DOWN at her hands. She was clenching and unclenching them. Their convulsive movement was as jerky as the sound of Mrs. Taylor's breathing. The comparison made her realize where she was and what she had to do.

When she extended her hand toward the door again, she was panting as though she had been running. This time her knuckles brushed against it before she stepped back.

You are a coward, she told herself. You are afraid that if you knock on her door, go in her room, she will spit the word

"nigger" at you. And though you would be prepared to hear it, you cannot bear it. The sound of that word as it emerges from her lips turns you into an animal, an outcast, an obscene crawling thing. But you *can* bear it. It is only a word. For a moment you would know that dreadful feeling of nausea, and, for another moment, you would know that frightening feeling of being suffocated by hate. That would be all.

Instead of knocking on the door she moved farther away from it. Suddenly she stopped moving and eyed the hall, not seeing it, but held motionless by a recollection more vivid than the reality of the present moment.

The evening before, they had gone into the big dining room for dinner. She had chosen a seat in a far corner, behind a great jar of delphiniums. The spiked blossoms had formed an effective screen.

When she saw the white-haired woman enter the room and sit down near the door, she asked a question of her tablemate.

The girl answered quickly, saying, "Why that's Mrs. Gib Taylor. She comes all the way from Mississippi. She's been a member of this Conference for years. I think her room is on the same floor with yours."

At the close of the evening session, Alice studied the names on the doors of the bedrooms opposite her own, wondering if—Yes. Mrs. Taylor's room was directly across the hall. The sight of the name on that small white card had made her feel as though she were behind a screen, twisting and turning her neck in an ef-

fort to see what everyone else saw.

She thrust the memory away from her, closed her eyes and then opened them quickly. The hall was still there, and the moonlight, and the door. It was all too real. I must offer to help her, she thought. But if I go in her room she will accuse me of breaking in while she slept, of planning to rifle her belongings, of intending to steal her jewelry.

She had once overheard Mrs. Taylor say: "You can never tell what *they* are liable to do."

But I can walk down the hall and find someone else. They will knock on her door. She paused in front of another door. What would she say if the occupant of this room should ask her why she had not gone into Mrs. Taylor's room?

She searched for words, whispering them softly under her breath: "Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Gib Taylor, is sick. I don't want to rap on her door because I am afraid she will call me a name. She would not call you a name, the name that she uses for me, so will you rap? Will you begin the knocking, the necessary knocking at Mrs. Taylor's door?"

Why am I standing here mumbling to myself like this? she thought. Her lips formed the words again: "Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Gib Taylor is sick."

Whoever she talked to would, very logically, ask, "What's the matter with her?"

"I don't know. I haven't been in her room."

"Why?"

And there you had it. There wasn't any way to explain that

or anything else. She walked toward her own room. Once inside she closed the door softly, and leaned against it.

When she got back into bed, she lay huddled under the covers, staring at the strange pattern the moonlight was making on the walls and on the ceiling, hearing, and straining to hear, the faint thickened sound of Mrs. Taylor's breathing.

Finally she fell asleep. It was a troubled, uneasy sleep in which she dreamed that the moonlight had taken on the form and shape of an octopus; and the tentacled moonlight, the small white card on Mrs. Taylor's door, and the fountain in the patio outside her window pursued her down an endless hill. And as she ran from them, stumbling, panting, she heard the octopus-moonlight calling to her: "Yours is the greater crime. A crime. A very great crime. It was a crime. And we were the witnesses."

WHEN SHE WOKE UP she was infinitely weary. Then she saw that the sun was streaming through the casement windows, filling the room with a dancing, sparkling light that set the panes of glass, the draperies, even the furniture to glowing. The sight of the strong clear light made her feel as though a great weight had been lifted out of her arms.

There ought to be a special kind of greeting for a morning like this, she thought. Some gesture of welcome, like an old-fashioned curtsy to the sun, to the day itself.

She almost smiled. Then she remembered her vain effort to force

herself to knock on Mrs. Taylor's door and the impulse to smile disappeared.

I must have been half asleep last night, drowsing and dreaming, while I stood outside that woman's door. There couldn't have been anything really serious wrong. Perhaps a cold in her head. And at night the sound of labored breathing is sinister, any sound is sinister at that hour. You magnified it out of all proportion—just as you do everything else.

And then she thought: There is always a perfectly normal, easily understood explanation for everything. Unfortunately one does not always have a sun-flooded morning to help one arrive at such an explanation.

Then she frowned because she heard the sound of hurry, of a

hustle and bustle, outside her door—quick footsteps, subdued voices. Rest House was always quiet at this hour in the morning. The only sound should have been the high sweet tones of the chapel bells. Curiosity made her get out of bed, open her door, and look out into the hall.

A maid, who was coming up the hall, greeted her with the quick eagerness of one who bears news. "Good morning, Miss. Did you hear about last night?"

Alice shook her head. Remembering the moans, the hoarse breathing that had come from the room across the hall, she asked sharply, "What happened?"

"Oh!" the maid said. "That nice Mis' Taylor died in the night. Doctor say if anybody'd known about her havin' a heart attack they could 'a saved her." END

GRANULES FROM AN HOURGLASS

By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Nothing surpasses the joy of the aphorist. When he discovers a truth, all he has to do about it is put it on paper.

Try to be patient with people cleverer than yourself.

Never make a business of what you love. Never love your business. This counsel will hurt many people; what hurts enough people is likely to be true.

Only the happy can really understand horror.

He was a pushover for Causes because he had none of his own.

As they grow older, people answer more letters. It is a kind of anaesthetic.

Severest of all, in the trade of thinking, is to see another praised for what yourself had been saying unnoticed years ago.

Time is of the essence; to have said anything before its moment is not to have said it.

It is never any use reminding people. They learn when they are ready and ripe. In August, who remembers April?

I glory in what I haven't yet said, or thought.

The Laboratory

Edited by DAVID O. WOODBURY

■ MECHANICAL PARADOX

A friend of ours was in the other day, boasting about his new deep-freeze unit, and we were a bit surprised when he said, quite calmly, "Not only can I keep a month's supply of choice foods in it, but I'm going to use it to heat all the hot water we need for dishes and baths."

This crazy reversal of all that is sensible is no paradox at all, but the perfectly normal operation of an old engineering favorite, the heat-pump principle. If you turn a refrigerator with its face to the wall and use the heat it pumps out instead of the cold it apparently pumps in, you get what amounts to a low-temperature furnace. It does not produce very high heat, but does provide plenty of thermal units to raise water to 160 degrees or even to warm a home.

Technically known as "reverse-cycle refrigeration," the system is already well established as a method of heating office buildings, with the aid of outdoor air or the water from a well. Now, it is under experiment for use in homes to warm all the water needed by the household. One researcher has actually operated a test unit for several years, the unit consisting of nothing except a refrigerator and a hot water

tank and the necessary piping and valves.

When costs have been reduced by careful development work, we may all have deep freeze units that keep chickens and vegetables cold and heat the bath water on the side.

■ NEW WINGS FOR OLD

Airplanes have been off the ground now for nearly 50 years, with the finest technical brains in the world steadily improving them. Yet, the best wing today can lift little more than 35 per cent of the weight that is theoretically possible, considering its shape and area. Wing lift is the basis of all heavier-than-air flying. The greater the lift for a given area, the lower the cost of moving passengers and freight. Increased lift also means lower landing and take-off speeds and greater safety.

Until lately, no radical improvement in wing lift seemed possible; only small improvements were expected through refinements in design. Now, however, comes a report that it may soon be possible to *double* the lift of a given wing, simply by cutting holes in the surfaces. "Boundary layer control" is the scientific name for this new idea. The theory is that when a plane is

flying, a thin layer of air touching the wing surfaces is slowed down by friction and made turbulent, destroying a good deal of the lifting effect. If this layer can be removed, much better performance will result.

To obtain this advantage, slots can be cut in the wing so that the troublesome boundary layer can be mixed with new air and smoothed out. With the turbulence overcome, the wing can perform close to its theoretical efficiency.

Experimental wings designed in this way and tested in wind tunnels have several slots running lengthwise of the surface. In some cases air is actually pumped from within the wing. It flows through the slots toward the rear and gives a streamlined flow to the air through which the wing is passing. The exact position of the slots and the shape of their edges is very important.

Careful studies of wing shapes for freight-carrying planes have shown that the lift can be so much increased as to make air freight a competitor of railroad freight. The present cost of carrying a ton of "pay load" a mile is something like eleven cents. Reduction to two cents per ton-mile is

predicted with boundary layer control, at speeds between five and ten times as fast as railroad freight speeds.

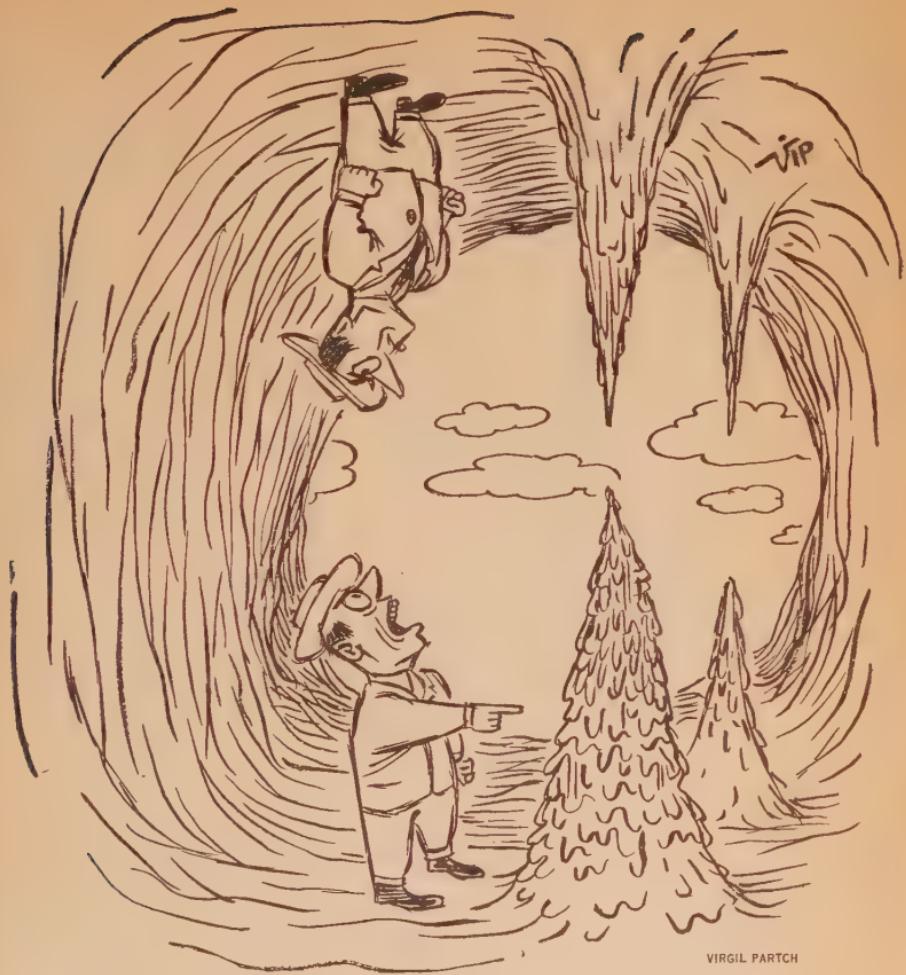
■ PAINT THAT LASTS

Rust is as old as iron and as expensive as taxes. Almost as long-standing is the chemist's battle to protect ferrous metals from corrosion by coating them with tin, zinc, and many kinds of paint. But all of these armors wear off, usually in a year or two. Paint eats itself; zinc, the best known protective for iron and steel, "sacrifices" itself in doing its job, being consumed by electro-chemical action when moisture is present. When the zinc is eaten through, rust takes hold.

In the new paint, zinc compounds reverse this process. When holes or cracks develop in the coating, the paint *heals* the wound by depositing itself on the weak spots. This will go on year after year unless the coating is too severely injured from the outside.

The self-healing coating is especially useful for tough outdoor jobs where exposure to extremes of weather would blister and crack ordinary paints. It is also excellent for ships and structures around salt water. One interesting feature is that steel plates and beams can be painted *before* fabrication into complete structures. Welding and riveting of painted metal harms only a narrow area of the coating, which can be covered again with brush or spray gun when the structure is complete. If any small bare spots are left by accident, they will quickly heal themselves. **END**





VIRGIL PARTCH

"No! I tell you this is a stalagmite and that is a stalactite!"



oble Experiment

IN FRANCE

Like Prohibition, the outlawing of legal bordellos confronts the Paris gendarmes with headaches no reformer could foresee

By WAVERLEY ROOT

WHEN PROSTITUTION was outlawed in France on October 1, 1946, persons familiar with France described it as perhaps a noble experiment but one not likely to succeed. They were not surprised when the first progress reports, published in the *New York Herald Tribune* in February, quoted French police and health officers as admitting that the law closing the *maisons de tolerance*—as the licensed brothels were called—had failed. It was reported that clandestine brothels were flourishing and streetwalkers plying their trade only a little more discreetly than before. As a result of the ending of compulsory medical examinations for prostitutes the syphilis rate in greater Paris had risen 80 per cent and the gonorrhea rate 96 per cent in four months.

The enforcement of the law had rapidly grown lax and although openly tolerated Paris brothels had been closed, the powerful brothel owners' association had not been molested. Police of the *Brigade Mondaine*—the Vice Squad—said lenient sentences had encouraged the brothel owners to resume business, generally in hotels, where the women pretend to be maids and waitresses. Most officials, apart from extreme abolitionists, went so far as to say that the situation, from the viewpoint of morals as well as public health, was worse than it had been under regulation.

The attempt at a French Revolution in public morals was inspired by the presence of the American Army. The French had been worried for some time about the effect on American soldiers

of the discovery that in France no one denies that sex is, on occasion, a purchasable commodity. American soldiers, speaking generally, had no contacts with the French population except those easy liaisons established with *filles d'amour*.

Contrary to foreign legend, the average Frenchman is no admirer of the professional charmer. The dictionaries of slang give *fleur de bitume* (flower of the asphalt) as one synonym for prostitute, but in 13 years in France, I never heard a Frenchman use this romantic expression. Again and again one hears the insulting *putain* or its even more injurious contraction, *pute*.

However, the Frenchman used to accept philosophically the probability that he could not eradicate by a stroke of the pen an evil which antedated written history. He preferred to regulate the vice in order to reduce its unfortunate consequences — crime and disease. The ordinary bordel of Paris was at times a painfully orderly place. Medical inspection was constant and complete. One may wonder whether the French took into consideration the possible sanitary consequences of closing legal houses, which would make inevitable the establishment of illegal ones, at a time when national resistance to disease had been lowered by years of malnutrition, when medicines were scarce, and when all Europe was suffering from an increase in venereal disease, of which the American soldier, so critical of French virtue, might be reminded that he himself was an important carrier. He interpreted his

amorous successes as evidence that any French woman could be bought at fairly reasonable rates.

Being a Puritan and therefore obliged to transfer his feelings of personal guilt, he acquired a fierce contempt for the French in general and the virtue of French women in particular. Many of the incidents which kept the French population and American soldiers constantly embroiled in such cities as Paris, Le Havre, and Rheims were provoked by insults levelled by American soldiers at respectable French women. These gave the Americans the same reputation for immorality among the French which the French suffered among American soldiers.

Leading French personalities attributed much of the obvious hostility to this mutual misunderstanding of sexual customs and were seriously concerned about potential political effects.

THE HOUSES of Paris ranged all the way from scrubby replicas of provincial bordels in the working quarters to flashy establishments where tourists were the most lucrative source of revenue.

The first Paris house I ever visited lay somewhere between these two extremes and was of the most conservative and, to use an almost inescapable word, respectable type. I went to it on a sort of errand of mercy, the weekly bailing out of one of the establishment's inveterate customers. He was an American newspaperman who had arrived in Paris with a few hundred dollars, had gone straight from the boat train to this particular *maison hospitalière*, and had been

thrown out some three weeks later when the bill had finally consumed his complete fortune.

The building looked anything but the part. It was, indeed, an old stone house in a distinctly ecclesiastical style. It had high Gothic-arched windows and over the door was a niche which looked as though it were meant to hold a statue. I learned later that it had held one, and of a saint. The building had originally been a convent. When it was taken over for more secular uses, the statue had been tactfully removed.

Inside, I was received with such great charm and courtesy by a middle-aged lady that my first impression was that I must have made a mistake. Mention of my friend's name, however, evoked instant recognition. I was ushered into a sort of anteroom, furnished in excellent and sober taste. There was no public room pullulating with accessible girls.

The madam made a few polite remarks about the weather, expressed her willingness to have my patronage also, and finally touched on the matter of the bill.

She conducted me of her own accord to my friend's comfortable debtor's prison. His credit was obviously still good, for he was reclining, comfortably and unperturbed, in an enormous bed, his arm affectionately coiled about the neck of a handsome, still unpaid-for damsel. Not until I had stepped into this bedroom had I seen the slightest evidence of the nature of the place.

I was to discover later that there were a good many variants in Paris from this demure sample.

I never developed any link with what was referred to as the American colony in Paris (for the most part a desperate collection of social climbers), but I did acquire a French wife and lived approximately in the French fashion. Thus, like most Frenchmen in Paris, I remained mostly unconscious of the existence of the bordels—which to many foreigners seemed to represent the essence of the city—except on those occasions when visiting Americans passed through.

Very few of these Americans ever started out with an outright confession that they would like to visit a Paris bordel. But on the assumption that anyone living in Paris must spend a considerable part of his time in them, they regularly pushed the conversation to the point where it was almost impossible to avoid offering to act as a guide. My experience was that Middle Western matrons were most anxious to give the impression that only by duress would they consent to set foot inside these evil places—but they were equally insistent that the duress be applied.

IN THE COURSE OF my personally conducted expeditions, I noted, among other things, that modesty seemed to decrease as one progressed up the scale of wealth. The girls in the poorer establishments wore the most clothes. In the more luxurious houses costume or lack of it seemed to be a matter of individual choice. In the flashier places complete nudity in the common room was not unusual.

The intent of the young ladies

in getting rid of superfluous clothing (aside, of course, from exhibitionism) was, I suppose, to attract clients. But in a good many cases, the assumption that the amount of allure would vary in inverse ratio with the amount of clothing was erroneous. Coming in from a street on which everyone was fully dressed, the visitor might find momentary excitement in sitting at a table sipping a drink as perfectly naked girls wandered unconcernedly about. But the mind adjusts with remarkable speed to surrounding atmospheres and it does not take long for the critical faculty to reassert itself.

It was natural that in the higher priced houses, to which the more attractive girls naturally gravitated, the attendant Venuses should be able to unveil themselves more completely without disastrous results to business. In the cheaper places, concealment was less a virtue than a necessity. The fact is that the houses in the Bastille or République quarters, like their provincial prototypes, were rather drab affairs. They were all the same—a long, narrow general room, with a few tables around the sides; a mechanical piano or, more recently, a juke box; and half a dozen girls.

There was more variety on the higher levels. There they catered to some of the more esoteric tastes, and claimed to possess such gems of historic interest as a bathtub reputedly employed by Edward the Seventh.

I became well acquainted with one *maison de tolérance* which represented the ultimate attempt

to reconcile a disreputable trade with bourgeois respectability. At that time I occupied the desk of overnight editor for the United Press, with office hours from midnight to 8 A.M. A constant stream of big and small shots from that organization kept pouring through Paris and each one inevitably turned up at the office about 2 A.M. on his first night in town.

This particular house was especially useful on such occasions. With a stranger of unknown tastes, but evident curiosity, it was the safest possible place to go. He could sit undisturbed at his table in the big common room, sipping a lemonade and staring at the more or less undressed girls strolling up and down or seated at other tables. He could dance with one of the girls, if he wanted, and let it go at that. In fact most persons seemed to go there as onlookers. It permitted them to indulge themselves in a delightful sensation of rakehellishness without danger.

I CONDUCTED so many visiting pressmen to this place during my three years as night cable editor of the United Press that it became my auxiliary office. My favor there must have depended on the fact that I was the only guide who never asked for a commission—an eccentricity, of course, but one which they were only too glad to overlook.

Rumor at one time attributed part ownership of the place to a minister of the government, and there was never any attempt to deny it. Certainly the house was

most respectful of the authorities. On one occasion I heard two men at the next table make a disparaging remark about a high police official. In an instant, a *sousmaitresse* was standing before their table.

"I am sorry, *Messieurs*," she informed them firmly, "but I must ask you to leave. We think highly of the gentleman you have just mentioned and we do not care to serve anyone who insults him."

This house for a time enjoyed a considerable vogue as a place where couples or small groups dropped in at night for a mild drink. That was acceptable to the management, since it charged more than *café* prices for its drinks and made a very neat profit out of the bar. Of course, the popularity of the place had embarrassing possibilities—you might run into someone you knew and didn't particularly want to meet in that spot.

There was the time I discovered at one of its tables someone I had not seen for years, a professor who taught French in the States. He did not see me until I addressed him by name, for he was absorbed in rapturous contemplation of a blonde demigoddess whose only costume was a revealing remnant of white satin. He turned crimson when he recognized me, and after a few preliminary stammers got out his excuse.

"*J'adore le plastique*," he said.

THE ORIGINAL intention of the French authorities was not to deprive adorers of the plastic of all opportunities for worship. The

first step taken in various localities in France, before the movement became national, was restricted to the closing of the houses. Street girls were not affected. That seemed in tune with the practical thinking of the French, who would not consider it justice for women who had been pursuing a trade permitted by law and public opinion for centuries to be deprived arbitrarily of their means of livelihood.

But the momentum of reform mounted as one city after another voted to close its bordels, and in the end a national edict not only prohibited houses, but also streetwalking. The police were thus presented with a more difficult problem of enforcement. Even in the days when prostitution was legal, it had been no easy matter to enforce the rules that obliged individual prostitutes to carry cards which any potential customer might ask to see and on which the lady's state of health and last medical inspection were carefully inscribed.

For one thing, it was not always simple to draw the line between full-fledged practitioners of the oldest profession and enthusiastic amateurs. The bars were full of open-hearted girls who did not consider themselves prostitutes because they might or might not accede to persuasion and thereafter demand no payment for their favors.

It is already evident that France will not succeed in banishing the professionals and the semi-professionals from her streets, though their methods may become more surreptitious and redress for victims of those who

combine larceny with love more uncertain.

But it must be expected that the quality of the Parisian street girls will decline (though never, undoubtedly, to the level of their sisters of Piccadilly Circus and Shaftesbury Avenue) if the authorities continue to turn a stern eye upon them.

The comparative tolerance with which they were once viewed in Paris meant that there was less social pressure to keep the more refined and more desirable girls in the marginal group from slipping into this profession. To the more insensitive members of the brigade, a matching of wits with the police was not disagreeable, and was, perhaps, even an interesting distraction.

But to girls who disliked the cruder aspects of the profession, the change often made the difference between the choice of the streets or, say, a place behind a department store counter.

Reformers would no doubt consider it beyond argument that this was proof of the merits of the repressive policy, but even they might have had their doubts if they had become familiar with the prewar lot of the salesgirls of many of the big Paris department stores. It was a lot which had not improved too much since the days when Zola wrote *Au Bonheur des Dames*.

I knew a few of the street girls in a social, not a business way, in the late 1920's, when I worked until 2 A.M. in the Rue Lamartine and then walked home, a mile and half or so, to the Left Bank. I often stopped for supper in cafés where the regulars of the neigh-

borhood were to be found night after night. They accepted as neighbors rather than prospective clients persons who, like myself, were *habitues* of the all-night cafés for professional reasons.

Most of them were not particularly interesting and provided no material for that favorite character of literature, the prostitute with the heart of gold. But on the other hand, the girls did not seem to show any significant variations from the types known in America as good women and in France, less ambiguously, as honest women.

THE SCENE which to me has always typified the Parisian girl of the streets was one I witnessed accidentally one night as my daily pilgrimage brought me to the corner of the Rue Montmartre and the Boulevards.

An American girl, very drunk, accompanied by two young men, had just crossed the roadway at a point where a streetwalker was leaning languidly against the glass screen of a café terrace. The American girl accosted her in heavily accented but easily understandable French:

“I know what you are! You’re a *cocotte*.”

The French girl gazed at her with a sort of quiet amusement.

“No,” she answered. “I am not a *cocotte*. You do not understand the meaning of the word. You are a *cocotte*.”

“Then,” said the American girl, “what are you?”

“*Moi?*” The French girl paused, then grinned, and shot the answer back with relish, “*Moi, je suis une femme de mauvaise vie.*” END

Tennis for a Silver Bowl

Recapture of the Davis Cup means another boom era for tennis as challenging players from all over the world invade our courts

By ALLISON DANZIG

TENNIS has come back strong since the end of the war. The return of the Davis Cup should bring a tennis boom the like of which has not been seen in the United States since the great tennis days of the '20's.

For the Davis Cup is something more than a silver trophy symbolizing the world's tennis champions. It means a rocket boost to the game in the country staging the challenge round. It brings the world's leading players to the defending nation and whips up interest in the whole season of play. It means a highly profitable year for the governing tennis association and for the member clubs staging tournaments throughout the summer.

It means big time tennis—publicity, exciting play, and turnstiles playing a golden tune. As many as 33 nations have challenged for possession of the cup in a single year. Travel miles have run into the hundreds of thousands. The United States team alone flew at least 15,000 miles in the trip to Melbourne to

wrest the cup from Australia last December.

It costs money to finance expeditions of this kind—money which must come out of receipts from the matches. That they have been sufficient to support such travels gives some idea of how much interest there is in top-class tennis and particularly in Davis Cup tennis.

For the challenge round between Australia and the United States in Melbourne the receipts for the three days of play were close to \$175,000. The stadium holds 14,000 and every seat was sold six months in advance. The tennis associations of the two countries split approximately \$110,000 after expenses were deducted. This goes into their exchequers and is used for the further promotion of the game.

The Cup Comes Home

THE VICTORY of the United States, the result of a clean sweep of the five Australian matches in 1946, brought the cup back to this country for the first time since

1939. That year Australia took the trophy from us at Philadelphia. For the next six years the famous silver bowl and its matching tray were in a bank vault in the Antipodes, the war having forced a suspension in play.

In the years from 1920 to 1927, when the Davis Cup was in the United States, the game was rich in personalities. During that period there were more first-class players than in any other period before or since. France, Australia, Spain, South Africa, and Japan all had men with the big game and sent them to this country. As good as they were, they were unequal to beating America's best—led by William Tilden, William Johnston, Vincent Richards, and Richard Norris Williams—until the United States' seven-year reign was brought to an end by France in 1927.

Tennis Greats

MOST AMERICAN tennis followers remember France's famous "Four Musketeers"—Jean René Lacoste, Henri Cochet, Jean Borotra, and Jacques Brugnon. Many will also be able to recall Spain's Manuel Alonso, the "Tiger of the Pyrenees." Alonso was a fighter who was known to bite the throat of his racket in rage over a muff. He was oblivious of the gallery in his thirst for the killing shot.

South Africa's contribution to the roster of masters was Brian Ivan Cobb Norton, known as "The Babe." He was a wizard who had the great Tilden totter-

Impact! Stroboscopic photograph of his own serve by Gjon Mili.



ing on the verge of defeat at Wimbledon and could have won the top prizes had he cared enough to discipline his personal pleasures.

Tiny Zenzo Shimizu, who represented Japan, was hardly larger than his racket. He had an exaggerated "Western" grip and the rotating wrist motion peculiar to the Japanese. He left 10,000 fans popeyed at Forest Hills when he forced an overconfident Tilden, finally aware of danger, to use his hottest cannonball serves against him. The little brown man in horn-rimmed glasses and flapping Gloucester hat was bent back by the impact of the hurtling ball against his racket, but his return was invariably good.

During the same period Australia had Pat O'Hara-Wood, John B. Hawkes, long Jim Anderson with his mighty forehand, and burly Gerald Patterson, he of the reverberating smash and corkscrew backhand, the most graceful heavyweight tennis has known. Patterson's smash was so powerful that once Borotra, standing at the net in doubles against him, was knocked off his feet and toppled unconscious under the cord when the ball caught him just below the temple.

Vivent les Hispano-Suiza!

IT WAS the French, however, who added the most spice to tennis and kept the treasury of the United States Lawn Tennis Association overflowing. Lacoste, son of a multimillionaire manufacturer of motorcars, was like a good poker player, never showing the faintest trace of emotion

as he kept driving the ball back with machine-like regularity.

Borotra was the antithesis of his teammate. As animated as Lacoste was expressionless, he came to be known as the "Bounding Basque of Biarritz." He was Gallic to his finger tips, a dashing figure whether in opera cape and silk topper, or storming the net with his terrific volleying attack, or descending from the skies in his private plane just in time to make his entrance at Wimbledon as the Queen appeared in the royal box.

Cochet had the greatest gift of all the French—and perhaps the greatest of anyone who ever held a racket. He was a magician who seemed to cast a spell over the ball with short, seemingly effortless movements of a racket-wand. No one could ever be taught to play tennis as he played it; it had to be a birthright. Not very talkative and understanding little English, he made few friends, but his appeal on the court was irresistible and the crowds stormed the galleries to see him.

It was Cochet who brought Tilden's six-year invincibility to an end in our national championship matches in 1926—the most sensational in modern tennis history. Again it was Cochet who scored the victory that won the Davis Cup for France for the first time in history.

The scene at the Germantown Cricket Club, Philadelphia, when he defeated "Little Bill" Johnston in the final match of the challenge-round series, was one of the most dramatic that sports followers have known in this country. As the last point was

played and Cochet joyously flung his racket high into the air, hundreds of excited French men and women stampeded out of the stands. They rushed deliriously onto the precious turf, seized the victor and his teammates, lifted them to their shoulders, and paraded in hysterical triumph.



A few days later the great victory of Germantown was celebrated in proper style in New York. In Hispano-Suizas, the members of the French team drove down Fifth Avenue, with the Davis Cup mounted for all to see. Arriving at the pier, they went aboard a French luxury liner and were received at the top of the gangplank by the captain in full dress, with the members of the crew standing at attention. The prized trophy, which the Four Musketeers had sought for so many years, was turned over to the captain's keeping, and all hands sat down to a royal feast, including toast after toast to France's crowning achievement on the courts.

The Turnstiles Spin Again

THOSE YEARS of the golden '20's have never been equalled in tennis for the quality of the play and the interest shown by the

public. But this year they should be approached. The world's best players are finding their way here again. And we have a crop of our own who are good enough to make the turnstiles spin as they have not in years.

The stadium at Forest Hills on Long Island should be crowded to its capacity of 14,000 for each of the three days of the challenge round, starting August 30, and the proceeds should reach \$150,000. The national championships for men and women, beginning there September 5, will almost certainly draw more people and a bigger gate than ever before. The entries will include players from Australia, England, France, Canada, Ecuador, Argentina, and possibly from Yugoslavia, Sweden, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, and Chile.

The chief magnet among the visiting players will be John Bromwich of Australia. American fans have not laid eyes on him since 1939, when he and Adrian Quist beat our best to take the celebrated cup away with them. Bromwich did not measure up to expectations when we came back to Melbourne for the challenge play. He lost to both John Kramer and Ted Schroeder in singles, and he and Quist were beaten in the doubles by the same two Americans.

Despite this failure, the 28-year-old Australian is still one of the world's great players. Lack of competition during his years in the armed forces hurt his game. But the opportunity to meet players of his own class in the cup matches and his postwar experience at Wimbledon should

sharpen his stroke and make him again the formidable figure he was in 1939.

One reason for the great interest in the blond Australian is his unorthodox stroke. He is one of the few players who use the two-handed grip for the forehand drive and the volley. He serves with his right hand alone. Since he uses his left as forehand he actually has a forehand on both sides, using two hands on the right and one on the left. His two-handed shot was formerly his best, but our players, meeting him last December, found that his left-handed drive has developed to such an extent that it is even more potent than the other.

Geoffrey Brown, another member of the Australian team, also uses two hands on the racket. He is a terrifically hard hitter, with probably the fastest service of any player outside of a few in

this country. Brown reached the finals at Wimbledon in 1946 and is one of the rising young players, but he strains so hard and uses up so much energy that to date he has not shown the staying powers required of a champion. Dinny Pails, another of the Australians, was hailed as a coming world champion, but his first venture overseas, at Wimbledon, turned out badly. He did not play in anything like the form he had shown at home. In the cup matches he was again disappointing. Perhaps, with the benefit of international experience, he will find himself in 1947.

FRANCE has a formidable quartet in Marcel Bernard, Pierre Pellizza, Yvon Petra, and Bernard Destremau. Petra, six-and-a-half-foot giant, won the Wimbledon tournament in 1946, but later on in the United States he never seemed first-rate. Pellizza, with his aggressive game, bulldog fight, and powerful physique, may be a player to watch, and Bernard, if he overcomes his dislike for turf courts, could be the most dangerous of all.

Yugoslavia, which eliminated France in the cup matches last year, has outstanding players in Ferenc Punce, Demeter Mitic, and Josef Pallada. Among Europe's other top-flight players are Lennart Bergelin and Torsten Johansson of Sweden, who qualified to meet the United States to determine Australia's challenger, and Jaroslav Drobny of Czechoslovakia.

Then there are the Americans. Foremost among them are Kramer, Ted Schroeder, Tom Brown,



Frank Parker, Gardnar Mulloy, Robert Falkenburg, and William Talbert. The top man is tall, sandy-haired John Kramer.

This may be Kramer's last season in amateur competition. He has been tabbed a world champion ever since his junior days, and this should be his year. Operations, sickness, and blisters, as well as the war, upset his timetable, but his victory in the national championship and his triumphs in the Davis Cup matches point to his finally becoming the best of the ranking amateurs. His is the big game, with the blasting power of a Vines or a Budge.

Unless Bromwich is a better player than he was in 1939, or Tom Brown proves that his sensational speed of the 1946 championships was not a flash in the pan, there does not appear to be anyone who has much chance of toppling the willowy, likable American. Schroeder may prove dangerous if he is able to take sufficient time from his business to bring his game to its peak. He has unlimited confidence in himself, is one of the smartest players on the court, and is almost unequalled in his ability to sustain a strong volleying assault indefinitely.

Tom Brown may be a champion or he may get lost in the crowd. He hits a faster ball than Kramer, and his scorching attack against Parker in the championship last year was reminiscent of Vines at his best. He lacks finesse and takes unwarranted risks in hitting for the kill on every shot, but this tight-lipped Californian has a knockout punch in his

service, forehand, and backhand. An additional year in which to gain experience and acquire control of his thunderbolts should make him the top challenger in 1948—if he does not become that in 1947.

Falkenburg, with a bullet-like service and an affinity for the



volley and the smash, is a hard man for any but a Kramer to beat. To get to the top, however, he needs a better forehand. He is a fighter, but he has to pay the price of many long hours of practice if he is to develop the stroke now lacking in his equipment—the most fundamental of all tennis strokes. Mulloy, Parker, and Talbert are all players of experience and international reputation. Only the very best can defeat them, but it is not likely, at this late stage in their careers, that they will improve. On the basis of past performances they do not appear to measure up to a Kramer. It's a comfort to know he'll be on our side when the Australians or the French or the Yugoslavs try to make off with the Davis Cup.

But whoever holds the trophy when the season is over, the fans will have had a wonderful time. Big-time tennis has taken off the restraining cases and the rackets are out. The Davis Cup type of game is being played again. END



CHARLES ADDAMS

WASHINGTON IS A FIRST-NAME TOWN

—where Tom and Dick are chummy with Harry—until Harry gets to be President

By BERT ANDREWS

THE LITTLE CAPITAL dominated by our early 19th century presidents had a regal stateliness that put many foreign courts to shame. Today it is an informal metropolis where statesmen and sycophants, friends and phonies toss around given names after a five-minute acquaintance.

Die-hards who will want their descendants to hate the name of Roosevelt unto the tenth generation insist that F.D.R. was the man who destroyed dignity along the Potomac when he christened a young adviser "Tommy the Cork," called his Secretary of Labor "Fanny the Perk," and dignified the head of the Treasury Department with "Henry the Morgue."

The veterans who were there before F.D.R., however, argue that the die-hards are wrong. Some of them recall that Warren Harding was a great first-namer when he was in the Senate, and was one of the few Chief Executives who have been first-named after they took office. But when the observers talk of Calvin Coolidge and Herbert Hoover, they admit that either would have winced at being called anything but "Mr. President."

The old-timers will agree that the free-and-easy New Dealers did give a shot in the arm to the informal practice. As the master politician of his time, President Roosevelt was good at first names. He once called a Ford dealer in Warm Springs, Georgia, by his given name four years after buying a car from him.

Mr. Roosevelt was especially fond of nicknames with a story behind them. One of his favorites was the "Deacon" earned by Coleman B. Jones of the *New York Herald Tribune*. Jones backed a pair of showing tens so convincingly in a stud game that a hardened poker player folded his back-to-back aces and kicked away a \$30 pot. When the loser murmured that "only a hard-shelled deacon could play a hand like that," the nickname stuck.

Washington is full of little men, tirelessly working at success, who rely upon the town's first-name habit to promote their reputation among friends. A frequently overheard bit of cocktail dialogue in the capital runs like this:

Guest: "Mr. Secretary, you know my friend, Frank, here, don't you?"

Second Guest: "I'm delighted

to meet you, Mr. Secretary. Particularly through our mutual friend, Bill."

Mr. Secretary (shaking hands with Frank): "It's a real pleasure, Frank. Always glad to know any friend of Bill's."

(Frank and Bill now drift toward the table with the drinks on it.)

Mr. Secretary (turning to another guest): "Say, who *were* those two fellows?"

EVEN THE MOST bitter kind of personal animosity doesn't add to the formality of governmental address. The most recent example of this misleading chumminess occurred last fall when the feuding Supreme Court convened. "Hullo, Hugo," said Justice Robert H. Jackson to his enemy, Justice Hugo L. Black.

When Justice Black replied: "Hullo, Jackson," he wasn't being high-hat. He was using "Jackson" because it reminded him of a radio character and was even more first-namish than "Bob."

Occasionally Washington's nickname habit can be embarrassing. A convivial gentleman who gets elevated to the Presidency has to go formal whether he likes it or not.

When President Truman was still a senator he was known throughout Congress as "Harry." Soon after he was sworn in as President, he went back to Capitol Hill to chin with his old cronies. His senatorial friends slapped him on the back and called him "Harry" as they always had, and wished him well.

Almost immediately the recoil was felt throughout the Senate

chamber. Even old pals simply couldn't treat the President of the United States so familiarly. So, as suddenly as though an order had come down, "Harry" was replaced with the sober "Mr. President." Senators who had always called him by his first name now confess they don't use it even when closeted alone with the President. "It's just not done," one plaintively remarked. "The office doesn't permit the use of nicknames—at least not to his face."

Newcomers to the capital, overwhelmed by the casual manner of the town, should remember that informality has its pitfalls. Take the time Elmer Davis, as head of the Office of War Information, got into the Social Security Building elevator with Julius A. Krug, then chairman of the War Production Board.

"Hello, Mr. Davis," said Mr. Krug.

"'Lo," said Davis, continuing to read his newspaper.

At the ground floor Mr. Krug took off down one corridor, and Mr. Davis started down the other, pursued by his secretary.

"Mr. Davis," she gasped. "Didn't you know who spoke to you in the elevator?"

"Sure," said Mr. Davis, still reading his newspaper. "Some fellow who works for me—can't remember his name."

After the newspapers printed the yarn, any cab driver in Washington would have bet a week's wages that Elmer immediately grabbed for a telephone and began, "Say, 'Cap,' (Krug's famous nickname) did you see that snide story . . . ?"

END

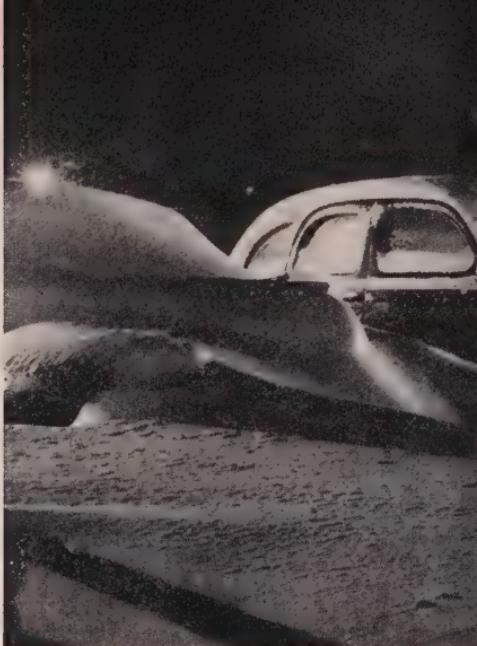


"Perhaps you'd like to freshen up a bit?"

P. BARLOW

Snow in Milwaukee

A long, cool picture story



HUGO GORSKI



FOSTER STANFIELD



Not a bivouac in the Sahara, but a parking lot in Milwaukee, U.S.A.

FOR newspaper photographers a storm is a hurry-up, run-of-the-mill assignment. The picture results generally show it. So last winter a Milwaukee newspaper, *The Journal*, decided to cover a storm thoroughly and scientifically. The camera men, briefed and assigned, awaited word from the weather bureau. When it came they dashed to their stations and began shooting the whole show step by step.

They expected quite a blow and hoped to get a good picture sequence. But they hardly expected to get what they got. For it snowed, and it snowed, and then snowed some more. If it had happened in New York, there's no

doubt this storm would now be recorded in literature as the Blizzard of '47.

It started mildly enough with a preliminary flurry. The wind was quite strong at street intersections and the snow was the sticky kind that means business. But it snows pretty often in Milwaukee in the wintertime and nobody paid much attention. The cameramen wondered, shot scenes like the one at left, and waited.

They didn't have to wait very long. After a while it began to dawn on people that this was really *snowing*. It gets dark early in Milwaukee, and it was already dark as people going home from work began to line up at bus stops. The buses didn't come.



Time to go home, but no buses. It began to look serious.

The snow kept falling, the buses kept stalling.



They were hub-deep in snow, their windshields caked with it. Milwaukee was coming to a stop.

PEOPLE with private automobiles weren't going anyplace either. It kept right on snowing, and by midnight things began to look serious—even for these snow-hardened Wisconsin citizens. Parking lots began to take on the shape of a bivouac in the middle of the Sahara—as in that picture at the head of this article. Very lovely to look at. Light

on the snow and long sweeping curves such as only the wind can draw. But very cold on the fingers.

More snow. By this time everyone in Milwaukee knew the city was in for it, and only school kids were happy. Commuters stayed right where they were, stretched out on the floors of station waiting rooms, hotel lobbies, and the like. And the next morning . . . well, turn the page for the denouement of this tale of Milwaukee's Big Snow.

By midnight baffled commuters had resigned themselves to spending the night in public, like the exhausted young lady below.





ROBERT DUMKE

The Morning After. Even Milwaukee's big beautiful snowplows, the municipal pride and joy, had bowed in defeat—like the one above. Here and there a brave, not to say fool-hardy character got out a shovel and dug from windshield down—like the one below.



ROBERT BOYD



This was what happened to the main railroad line from Milwaukee to Chicago. The only commuter in sight, a realistic fellow, is having the time of his life. The skiing was fine.

Centennial of an Epic

In the summer of another '47, ailing Brigham Young raised himself from his bed, stopped a wagon train and said, "It is enough. This is the place."

By CAREY LONGMIRE

THERE IS a temple in Salt Lake City topped by the statue of an angel called Moroni. The congregation of which this building is a symbol is unique. It owns banks, sugar refineries, a department store, publishing houses, and a big block of stock in the Union Pacific Railroad. In a hundred years of labor, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints has carved an empire out of a wilderness.

This is a success story which would have seemed impossible in 1847. In that year, 15,000 adherents of a new religion were fleeing into a land which seemed then as remote as the moon.

Flight was an old story to the Saints whom most of the world called Mormons. They had been seeking to escape from a cruel civilization since Joseph Smith founded his new sect in 1830. In that year the tall, spell-binding Prophet organized his Church from a handful of upstate New Yorkers fired by his tales of the finding of a set of golden tablets. These tablets, Joseph said, told of the scattering of the tribes of Israel. God's chosen people, ac-

cording to this account, were a tribe called the Nephites, whose chief prophet was named Mormon. The Nephites came to North America, but all of them were slaughtered in battle by their red-skinned enemies, a people called the Lamanites. The Nephites left their story, Joseph declared, in the golden tablets. It was called the *Book of Mormon*.

The City Called Nauvoo

EVERYWHERE they went the Saints met trouble. "Gentile" neighbors coveted their farms, which somehow produced more bountiful crops than other farms. After enemies in Missouri burned, killed, and pillaged throughout Mormon territory, Joseph and his embittered band fled into Illinois.

There the Mormons built a new city. They called it Nauvoo and erected a \$1,000,000 temple. That was in 1844. Before the year was out, the Prophet lay dead, and tempers throughout Illinois were flaming in violent hatred of Mormons. By the end of 1846 mobs had hurled the last Mormon out of Joseph's city. In 1847 the Mormons were a hungry army moving into the unknown.



CULVER SERVICE

An old engraving of the 1847 Exodus from Nauvoo

Historians say that this modern Exodus was one of the greatest colonizing feats of all time. Like the Jews fleeing from Egypt, the Mormons had their Moses. He was a steel-willed Vermonter named Brigham Young.

A battle raged between the Church and the United States Government on the issue of polygamy until 1890. In that year the Mormons renounced the practice. But while he lived Brigham turned back every federal assault. When he died in 1877, he left 47 children.

Brigham became the Mormons' Prophet, general, statesman, and trader. Brigham's word was long the only law.

The Mormon empire, a desert which has been turned into a garden, is Brigham Young's monument. As chief of the Church's Council of Twelve Apostles, Brigham had the task of making converts. On the June afternoon of 1844 when the Illinois mob took Joseph's life, Brigham was in Boston. Hurrying to Nauvoo, he quickly seized the leadership, in the name of the Twelve Apostles. Nauvoo was filled with terror. Brigham learned that Joseph had

been tricked into his death. Governor Thomas Ford had ordered Joseph to appear for a hearing, Ford had promised full protection. Once Joseph was in jail, awaiting a hearing, a mob of killers smashed the doors, and battered the life out of their victim.

Ring of Fire

SINCE THE infant Church now possessed a martyr, the Saints' faith soon flamed higher than ever. Brigham ordered work rushed on Joseph's Temple, although a ring of fire could be seen around Nauvoo almost nightly from burning Mormon farmhouses. Refugees kept streaming into the city. The Nauvoo Legion, as Joseph had christened the Mormons' defense army, kept its guns ready night and day.

Brigham was at first determined to stay on in Nauvoo and fight, but the burning and pillaging grew worse. Finally he promised that by the summer of 1846 the Mormons would be gone, providing his people were molested no further; but the truce did not halt the killings and the fires.

Through the grim winter the Saints scoured the countryside

for wagons and teams. Since there were no other buyers, the Gentiles could pay almost what they pleased for Mormon property. In January the Council decreed that the first detachments of wagons should set out.

The temperature at Nauvoo on February 15, 1846, was 20 degrees below zero; the Mississippi was frozen solid. With Brigham at their head, 2000 Saints crossed the river on the ice and made camp in Iowa.

Babies were born in makeshift huts in a freezing rain. The party stayed in camp two weeks, the men hunting jobs with Iowa farmers and asking for pay in provisions. When the freezing weather broke, roads were so deep in mud that oxen could rarely pull the wagons more than five or six miles a day.

Fresh parties of Nauvoo exiles kept arriving, and soon there were 3000 wagons, with huge droves of livestock. Brigham appointed captains of "hundreds," "fifties," and "tens"—units of wagons.

Crops for the Emigrants

THE ONE big problem, Brigham foresaw, was to establish a source of supply for food. At two spots in Iowa, christened Garden Grove and Mount Pisgah, the Mormon Moses ordered Saints to halt and plant crops. Succeeding emigrants would harvest them.

In July, 1846, the wagons reached the Missouri River, at what is now Council Bluffs, Iowa. Hundreds crossed into Nebraska, to establish a settlement called Winter Quarters. It was the Mormons' most important way sta-

tion. It had a flour mill, 700 log cabins, and 150 dugouts. A chief of the Potawatomi Indians, a tribe also driven from a homeland beyond the Mississippi, gravely bade the Saints welcome.

By the fall of 1846, thousands of Saints were camped on both sides of the Missouri. They were preparing for the big push when spring came. Scandal hunters back in the States were busy with tales of Mormon lechery.

Two events brought more suffering to Brigham's flock. At Nauvoo, in September, the mob struck for the final time. They invaded the city to desecrate the Temple and hurl the last sick and elderly Saints from their homes.

In a far greater blow, the federal government sent an emissary with an order to conscript 500 able-bodied Mormons into the Army. War with Mexico had broken out. Brigham had no choice but to furnish 500 recruits, including teamsters, from among his most desperately needed men. The drafted Saints became the Mormon Battalion.

A plague of scurvy and fever hit the scattered camps of Zion. As one Mormon child lay dying, she begged for potato soup. Her mother went to a gentile farm and asked for one potato. The housewife retorted:

"I won't give or sell a thing to one of you damned Mormons."

BY EARLY April, after a winter's fretting, Brigham looked out over the prairie and decided it was time for an advance scouting party to leave the Missouri and head for the Rockies. On April 16, 1847, with 147 others, the

Mormon Moses started the wagons westward.

Two thousand would follow the pioneer party in the early summer. The rest of the Saints were to plant new crops and await Brigham's return.

The emigrants were up by 5 A.M., and they traveled until 4 in the afternoon. At night they put the wagons in a huge circle for protection against Indians.

When the Mormons saw their first buffalo, after two weeks on the trail, one poetic Saint described them as "the Lord's cattle upon the thousand hills." These cattle of the Lord were to provide meat for many weeks to come. But while the people feasted, their oxen and horses faced famine. The Indians had set the prairie afire, and animals could find little to eat. Rain suddenly poured down and put out the fires. The Saints said it came from heaven.

Seven weeks out from Winter Quarters, at Fort Laramie, the pioneer band met more Mormons, from Pueblo, Colorado. These included men from the Mormon Battalion, released from the Army. Scouts brought Brigham the news. He hastened across a river to shake the hands of the Pueblo detachment. He was filled with emotion; here was the evidence that his Army of God was united.

From Fort Laramie onward the Saints were on the Oregon Trail. The snow of the Rockies loomed ahead, and they pushed on over the South Pass and onto the watershed of the Pacific.

Surely these mountains must hide some bastion where Mormons might find safety. Brigham

was filled with thoughts of the Salt Lake valley. All across the continent he had heard reports of its sheltered fastness, and his heart was set on exploring it.

Sam Brannan, leader of a Mormon party to California, suddenly appeared. He had come across the Sierra Nevada and the Great Basin from California to meet the Church leaders. He urged Brigham to go to California, and he described its golden valleys as a promised land. Brigham said he was not interested. Brannan, disgusted, went back to California.

Fertility in the Desert

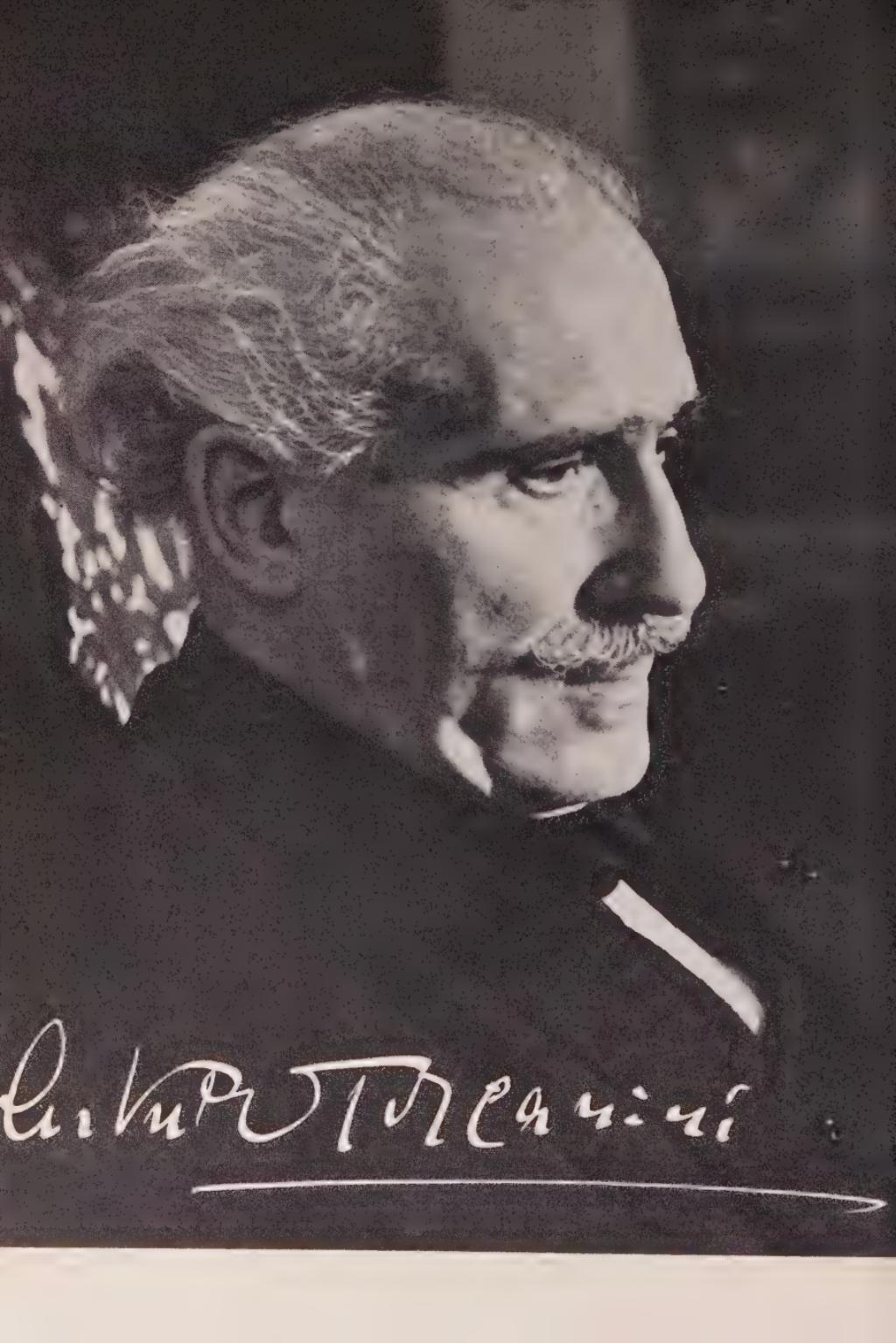
BRIGHAM YOUNG pushed on. He encountered Jim Bridger, an explorer so famous that he was a living legend. To Brigham's questions about crops and soil in the Salt Lake Basin, Bridger shrugged bleak answers. But Brigham held a radically different opinion of the desert's fertility. He thanked Bridger gravely and went on. At Fort Bridger the Saints turned south off the Oregon Trail and headed into the great snow peaks which guard the salt sea from the east.

Suddenly, from the western slope the Saints looked out over one of the earth's most breathtaking views. There beneath them was the Great Salt Lake of Utah.

Messengers hurried back to Brigham. On July 24, 1847, the leader, who was now a sick man, lifted himself on an elbow from his bed in a wagon. He gazed over the valley below him, then uttered the historic words:

"It is enough. This is the place. . . ."

END



LUDVÍK TRČKA

The Maestro Does Not Pose

But sometimes he explodes—and at photographers

By HERBERT GEHR

TOSCANINI once called photographers "assassins." I was all too well aware of his attitude when I went to photograph him in his home—the first time it had ever been tried.

Toscanini anecdotes are not calculated to inspire a photographer's confidence. Once, on a concert tour in Palestine, he was ready to conduct Beethoven's Ninth, when suddenly a flashbulb went off. The Maestro dropped his baton and, fuming, raced off the podium. There was no concert.

"Flashbulbs or any other bright floodlights are out," I was told. "But that really doesn't matter, as you'll probably be thrown out ten minutes after you get there."

That was hardly encouraging. In fact, despite my long experience as a photographer, I began to develop a genuine case of stagefright.

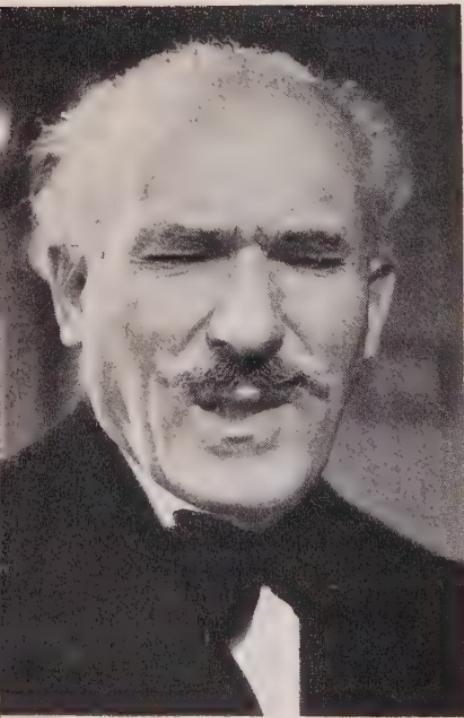
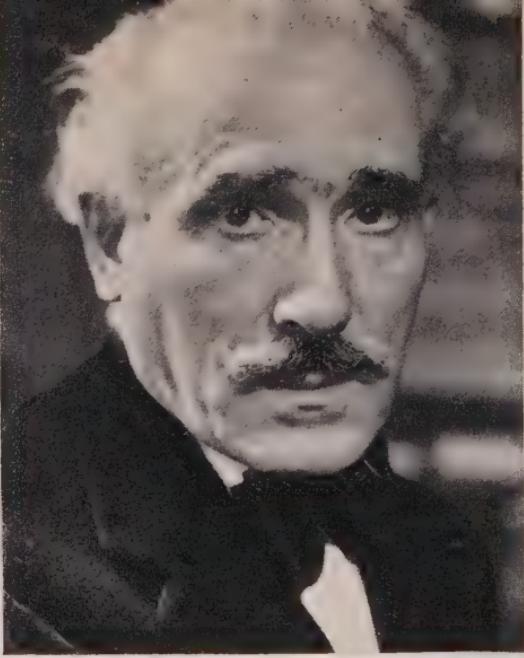
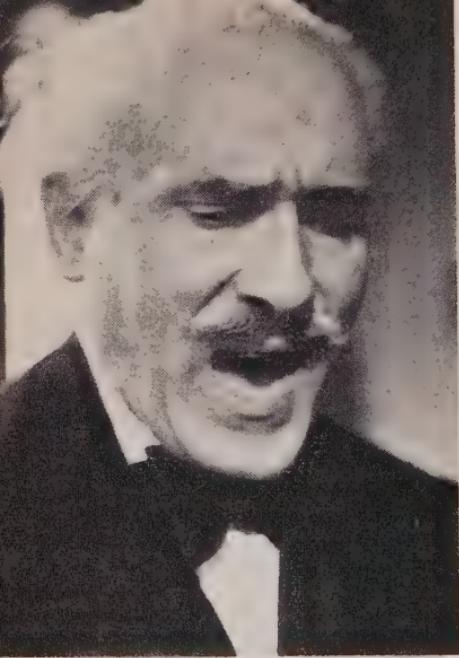
A friend of Toscanini's, after many weeks of waiting, had finally succeeded in convincing the Maestro to give me a try. He took me to the hide-out, taboo

except for a few privileged persons, and made the introduction. The Maestro seemed prepared for the inevitable. We shook hands and, hoping to ease these first tense moments, I suggested that he sit down at the piano.

Like a well-behaved boy he went to the piano and sat down, posing stiffly but without playing. I took two shots, and then daringly suggested: "Go ahead, Maestro, just play." It was no use. He did not even blink his eyes, but continued in his frozen pose, just staring at my lens. At this moment our mutual friend, expecting an explosion, helpfully asked: "Isn't it wonderful, Maestro, how Bellini influenced Chopin?"

This question did it. "Ah, Bellini," he dreamily exclaimed and began to play an aria by his favorite composer.

The tension was broken. Soon the Maestro had forgotten that anybody else was with him in the room. He began to sing. His eyes closed, he swayed from side to side to the music of his beloved Bellini. I was fascinated and tried to follow his fast movements



While playing the piano, Toscanini suddenly began to sing, brooded a moment, tried again, then swayed dreamily from side to side.

with my camera—hoping for the best. I just kept on changing film and shooting—even though I knew that with such poor light conditions there was not much chance of stopping the fast motion. But this was how I wanted the Maestro—this was how very few had ever seen and heard him.

I had seen and felt the almost hypnotic strength of Toscanini's personality—the electric energy which controls the musicians facing him—something rarely

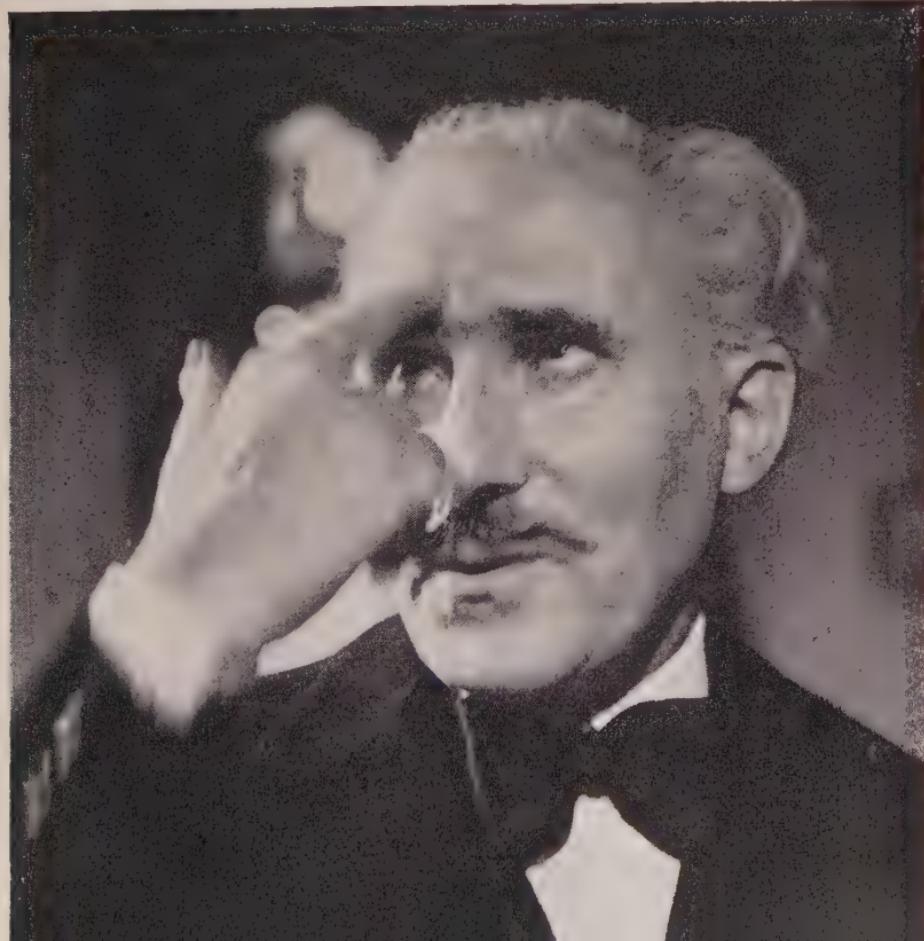
caught in photographs.

Later, Mrs. Toscanini stood with us on the terrace. Clasping her hands and shaking her head she gasped in amazement: "Madonna mia! I don't know what happened. He never did anything like this before."

I looked at my watch; two hours had passed and I had taken 220 pictures. I rushed back to have the films processed.

You see them now, the best of them, on these pages. END

"What do you think of modern music, Maestro?" This gesture, stopped in mid-air, complete with shrug, was the answer.



OUR STAKE

We must find a cure for German ills or abandon hope for peace. Here is an expert's plan

IT IS NOW more than two years since a fast-driving American spearhead first caught sight of the unfamiliar uniform of a Red Army patrol across a little river in the heart of Germany. More than two years since Nazi Germany ceased to exist, and the world's "blood, sweat, and tears" bought victory.

Victory—but not peace. Not peace, even after Japan followed

Germany into abject surrender. Two years after suffering the most crushing defeat ever inflicted upon a modern warrior nation, with its military might destroyed, its cities reduced to rubble, and its people in want and hunger, Germany still stands between the world and that last, best hope of peace, for which men throughout the world have died.

What happens in Germany may

The Author of *Our Stake in Germany*

James P. Warburg's authority to present his views on the year's central diplomatic issue is based on a lifetime of experience with the international ulcer known as Germany.

*From 1930 to 1932 Mr. Warburg, as an international banker and economist, was deeply concerned with German reconstruction loans. In 1933 President Roosevelt sent him to the London Economic Conference as a financial adviser. In 1941 he took charge of American information policy in the European theater of war, and in 1944 was chosen by the War Department to be one of a planning group for postsurrender treatment of Germany. Last summer he went there as a foreign correspondent and to gather material for his forthcoming book, *Bridge or Battleground*.*

Recently Mr. Warburg said: "Foreign policy is no longer primarily a function of government . . . A free people has not only the right but the obligation to demand the information upon which to base its free judgment."

IN GERMANY

By James P. Warburg

or may not interest you very much so far as any sympathy for the German people is concerned; but it is of profound and vital interest because it will affect the whole human race.

In our shrunken world peace and prosperity have become indivisible. Just as today war anywhere in the world means the likelihood of war everywhere in the world, so also poverty, oppression, and unrest anywhere must threaten the happiness and tranquillity of people everywhere.

Paste these three propositions in your mental hat.

First: Modern Germany has been a chronic trouble-maker. We have a vital interest in seeing to it that the new German nation shall never again attack or bully other peoples. Modern Germany was born, in 1871, as a warrior nation dedicated to the doctrine that might makes right. We owe it to the dead, to ourselves, and to our children to see that there

shall never again be such a warrior nation.

Second: We, along with all our associates in the United Nations, have committed ourselves to a great experiment—the attempt to build a lasting peace upon the foundation of great-power co-operation. Germany is the laboratory in which that experiment must succeed or fail. Nowhere else in the world is great-power co-operation so deeply committed or so critically on trial.

Third: Germany is also—perhaps unfortunately—the central gear-wheel in the European economic machine. Geography, geology, and technology have conspired to bring this



ILLUSTRATIONS BY CONDIE LAMB

about. Germany is the bridge between the East and the West; its rivers and railways are the arteries of central European commerce. German coal fields are the sole producers of surplus coal in western Europe; and every country of western Europe needs more coal than it can produce within its

own borders. Without coal there can be no power, no steel, no housing, no heat, no fertilizer, and hence no food in sufficient quantity to take care of Europe's needs.

Remember, too, that the German people, even in defeat, are still the largest compact mass of skilled labor on the Continent. Without their productive work a large part of Europe's productivity is lost; without their consumer demand the rest of Europe loses an essential part of its market.

Over a long period of time it will perhaps be possible to build up the backward countries of Europe and thus to reduce the relative importance of Germany in the European economy. But meanwhile throughout Europe people are shivering and hungering. The greatest single factor in this tragedy is the fact that what was

once the powerhouse of Europe is now a poorhouse.

The four occupying powers did not intend to turn Germany into an economic desert. But their plans have miscarried. If they continue to miscarry, the result will be protracted suffering throughout Europe, unrest, and a consequent threat to the still fragile and untested structure of peace.

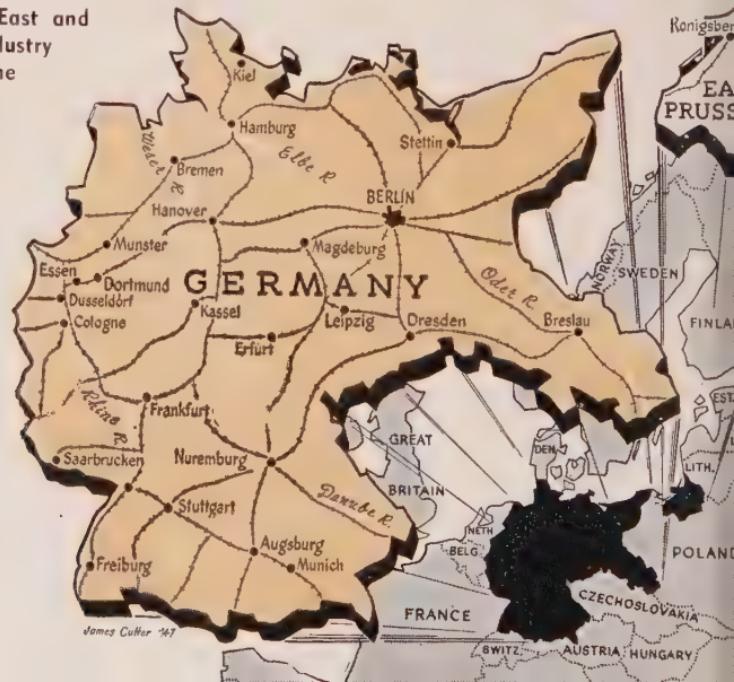
And now, let's look at what has happened in Germany in order that we may have some idea of what needs to happen if the fruits of our victory are finally to ripen into lasting peace.

Presurrender Plans

WHAT HAS happened is very simple. While the war was on, the nations fighting Germany developed no plan for what they would do with Germany once its defeat

Prewar Germany's rail and waterways laced together East and West, while her industry and markets were the big factor in Europe's economy. This is still true.

MAPS BY JAMES CUTTER



had been accomplished. This is not to say that no thought was given to the matter in Washington, Moscow, London, or in other United Nations capitals. Indeed, there were plenty of plans for dealing with Germany—but no plan in common. None was even agreed to by all the British planners among themselves, or by all the French; and, in the true sense of the word, there was no American plan.

The last statement will be challenged, no doubt, on the grounds that the secret directive issued by the United States Joint Chiefs of Staff (JCS 1067) to General Eisenhower in April, 1945, was an American plan, even though it was not accepted by any of our Allies. JCS 1067 was a detailed operating directive; but as a plan for dealing with Germany so as to make it a peaceful nation in a peaceful world, it was no plan at all. It attempted to reconcile two basically irreconcilable theses.

Thesis One was that Germany must be disarmed, and the German people re-educated so as to become peaceful members of world society. The clearest public statement of this view was made by Anthony Eden, then British Foreign Secretary, in the dark days of 1941, when German bombs were falling in the streets of London and when it took both vision and courage to assume the eventual defeat of Hitler's juggernaut.

"Our conditions for peace with Germany," Mr. Eden said, "will be designed to prevent a repetition of Germany's misdeeds. But while these military measures must be taken, it is not part of

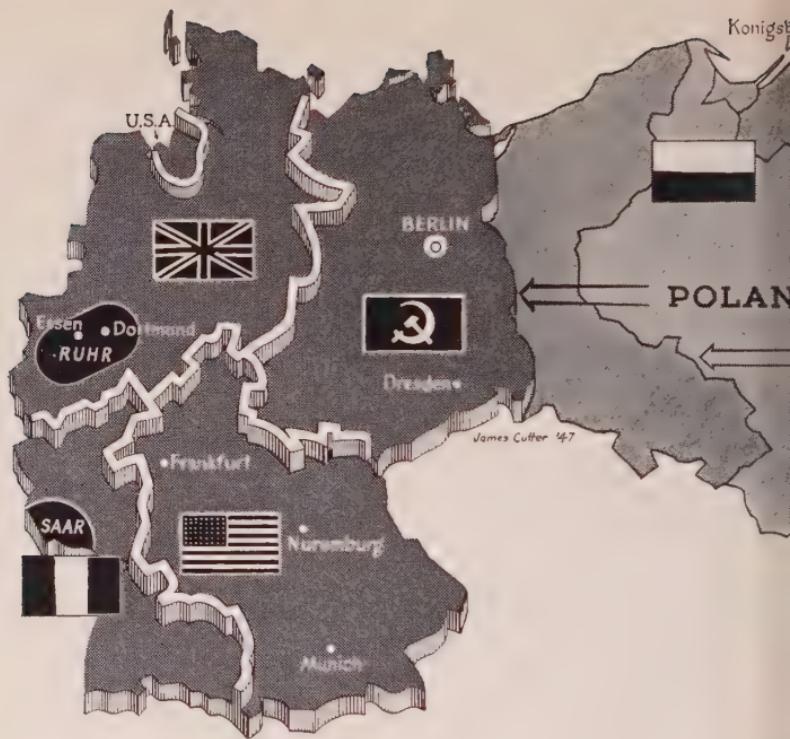
our purpose to cause Germany . . . to collapse economically. I say that, not out of any love for Germany, but because a starving and a bankrupt Germany in the midst of Europe would poison all of us who are her neighbors. That is not sentiment; it is common sense."

This, in a general way, was also the view of Secretary Hull's Department of State and of most War Department officials under Secretary Stimson, when in 1944 postsurrender planning for Germany became a major preoccupation, if not a national hobby.

As against Thesis One, there was the so-called Morgenthau Plan, which rested upon the idea that the only way to create a peaceful Germany was to divide it into several countries and "de-industrialize" the German economy. This plan proposed the destruction or removal of all industries which could be used for war purposes, and the conversion of the German economy into agriculture and "light," or consumer goods, industries. The Morgenthau Plan even went so far as to propose that the machinery be removed from the coal mines of the Ruhr "and the mines closed."

Thesis One rested upon the belief that a new peaceful Germany must be a reasonably prosperous Germany, and that its peacefulness must come about as the result of the German people's losing their *will* to aggression.

Thesis Two rested upon the belief that a new peaceful Germany must be a country politically divided and living—if at all—upon a standard something like that of the early 19th century, before



the industrial revolution. It would be peaceful because of its being permanently deprived of the *means* of aggression.

It is easy to see that these two fundamental concepts cannot be reconciled. A workable plan had to accept one and discard the other. Yet this is precisely what the Joint Chiefs of Staff failed to do. They wrote a "plan" which contained elements of each.

Blunders at Potsdam

WHEN THE Allied armies finally marched into Germany they had not agreed on what they were going to do, once Germany had given up the struggle. They continued to have no plan for three whole months after the surrender.

It was not until August 12, 1945, that the United States, Britain, and the Soviet Union finally agreed on a plan at Potsdam.

Unhappily, three things went wrong at this conference:

1. Messrs. Truman, Stalin, and Attlee and their advisers drafted an agreement which adopted from the secret American directive the impossible basic compromise we have just been discussing. They too did not make up their minds to take one idea and discard the other.

2. The Potsdam conferees agreed upon a partly final and partly tentative readjustment of Germany's eastern frontier, while leaving the question of Germany's western frontier with France and



Potsdam first amputated about 40,000 square miles of Germany's fertile eastern provinces, then carved the remainder of the body into four separate "countries."

the Low Countries entirely up in the air. They agreed that the northern half of East Prussia should be annexed to the Soviet Union; and they placed under Polish administration (subject to final determination by the peace conference) the southern half of East Prussia, all but the western tip of Pomerania, a large part of Brandenburg, and practically all of Upper and Lower Silesia. This amputation of the eastern German provinces amounted to about 40,000 square miles (Ohio contains 41,000) out of a total pre-Hitler German territory of roughly 180,000 square miles. Some 9,000,000 Germans were to be expelled from these eastern provinces and sent, along with an-

other 4,000,000 minority Germans from Hungary and Czechoslovakia, to live with some 53,000,000 of their compatriots in the rump of Germany.

This eastern land-grab deprived Germany of its breadbasket, which used to supply food for about one quarter of the total German population. Thus, the last props were knocked out from under the Morgenthau Plan, since, minus its breadbasket, the new Germany would have to import about half of its food. This meant that Germany must either become a large exporter of manufactured goods, remain a permanent charity patient, or starve.

Another consequence of the land-grab was to open the door to other claims for German territory. By the terms of the United Nations Declaration of January 1, 1942, signed by all the victorious powers, including Poland and the Soviet Union, the signatories had renounced all "territorial aggrandizement" and "all territorial changes which do not correspond to the freely expressed wishes of the people concerned." The repudiation of these pledges had been foreshadowed in February, 1945, at the Crimea Conference, when Messrs. Roosevelt, Stalin, and Churchill fixed the Russo-Polish frontier at the so-called Curzon Line and promised that Poland should be "compensated" for the loss of territory (which they held never to have been rightfully hers) "by substantial accessions of territory in the north and the west." Potsdam now made clear how completely the United Nations Declaration had gone overboard.

The final blunder at Potsdam came when the Big Three divided the rump of Germany into zones of occupation. They vested the management of Germany as a whole in an Allied Control Council, composed of the Governors of the zones. They invited France to take over one of the four zones and to join in over-all management at Berlin. Finally, they determined that all decisions of the Allied Control Council should be unanimous. And then—by an incredible fluke or oversight—they neglected to obtain French signature to the Potsdam Agreement. As a result, France obtained a veto power over all decisions by the Allied Control Council, without being bound by the basic agreement under which the Council was to operate.

These three blunders, taken in conjunction, made the Potsdam Agreement into a scrap of paper almost before the ink was dry on the Big Three signatures.

In Potsdam's Wake

THE FRENCH very quickly took the position that, until the question of Germany's western frontier was satisfactorily settled, France would veto any actions by the Control Council designed to carry out the Potsdam plan for treating Germany as a unit. They demanded economic annexation of the Saar, which normally produced about 15,000,000 tons of coal a year. They also demanded that the Ruhr, which produced about 120,000,000 tons of coal and contained the heart of German industry, be separated from the new Germany. Failing to obtain these demands, they proceeded to block

every proposal for over-all action—even going so far as to veto the issuance of uniform postage stamps in the four zones.

Once this happened, the Allied Control Council in Berlin, supposedly a four-power administration of all Germany, became merely the bargaining place for four separate managements of what actually amounted to four separate countries.

It quickly became evident that two of these “countries”—the Soviet and French zones—could support themselves and even produce a surplus for the occupiers, provided that the occupiers held the German population down to a very low standard of living. This was not true of the other two zones. The American zone had never been self-supporting. The British zone, which contained the great Ruhr industrial area, had once been highly productive and might be again—but, with German industry flat on its back, the British had taken over a country which, for the time being at least, was certain to run at a substantial deficit.

The result was just what you would expect it to be. The French and Russians were not too unhappy about the frustration of the Potsdam plan and proceeded to milk their zones of whatever surplus they could produce. The British and Americans were very unhappy, because they found themselves forced to pour in their own resources to sustain life at one end of Germany, while the French and Russians drained off the surplus at the other end.

When all else failed, the British and Americans decided last De-

ember to merge their zones economically and to share their troubles, meanwhile continuing to work for a new agreement under which all of Germany would be treated as one, under four-power management. They figured that, if worst came to worst, they could, by spending upwards of a billion dollars, make their part of Germany self-supporting in two or three years.

Meanwhile the French and Russians began to see the time coming when their zones would no longer provide very much of a surplus. Their cows had been milked pretty dry. Moreover, the world was being given an unedifying caricature of great-power co-operation. Germany—once the great workshop and market place—was now an economic desert and a moral morass. Germany's neighbors, big and small, were beginning to realize the truth of Anthony Eden's prophetic statement that "a starving and a bankrupt Germany would poison all of us who are her neighbors."

Throughout Europe, reconstruction and industrial recovery were halted for lack of the steel, machines, and machine parts former-

ly supplied by German industry. Most of all, Europe suffered from the lack of German coal. The great Ruhr mines were producing less than half of their normal output—barely enough to supply essential services and the armies of occupation, with little left over for export to the coal-hungry countries of Europe.

These are the high-spots of what happened in Germany. These are the bare bones of the problem which General Marshall inherited when he became Secretary of State early in 1947, and which confronted the Council of Foreign Ministers when they met in Moscow last March.

Failure at Moscow

THE FACT that the Moscow Conference of last March did not produce a peace treaty with Germany has been widely regarded as evidence of failure. I do not share this view.

To begin with, it was a misleading idea that there could possibly be a peace treaty with Germany at this time.

A treaty is an agreement between two or more sovereign nations, signed by their respective



governments. When Messrs. Marshall, Molotov, Bevin, and Bidault met at Moscow, Germany was not a sovereign nation, nor had it a government. It was a truncated territory inhabited by a defeated people, divided into four pieces, each governed by an occupying power. There was no one who could sign a peace treaty on behalf of the German nation.

But, it could be argued, there might have been an agreement as to the terms of a treaty to be signed at a later date, whenever a German government might be duly constituted. In other words, the Moscow Conference might have written a treaty *for* rather than *with* Germany, had the four powers been able to agree.

Such a document would have become an imposed *statute*. It might eventually have been ratified by a future German government, even by a plebiscite of the German people. But, in spite of all that, whatever restrictions the treaty placed upon the future of the German people would remain as restrictions imposed permanently by Germany's conquerors.

Such restrictions—no matter how reasonable and just—could be maintained only so long as the victors in World War II would

stand ready to enforce them. Even the Treaty of Versailles, mild in comparison with any treaty likely to be written today, was considered by the Germans an imposed treaty—hence a document to be circumvented, revised, and, if possible, annulled. Hitler's rise to power was based in large measure upon the exploitation of this attitude. In other words, had the Moscow Conference succeeded in writing a treaty *for* Germany, it would thereby have committed the victorious nations to *permanent* guardianship. This might well have been fatal to the whole structure of lasting peace.

No Second-Class Citizens

WHY? BECAUSE there can be no lasting peace in a world in which some peoples are doomed to second-class citizenship for eternity, while others take on for eternity the job of maintaining them in a second-class status by force. The time to write a German treaty will come only when it is possible to write it *with* the German people—not *for* them. That means not for a long time, because it will be a long time before there can be a German government we can fully trust—one we are sure is the true servant of a regenerate and mature German people.

If this is now realized, the "failure" of Moscow may well turn out to be an important milestone on the road to peace.

What we need at this moment is not one new plan for Germany, but two. We need a new long-range agreement as to *what* Germany and *what kind of* Germany—how big and how constituted—will best fit into a peaceful Eu-



rope and a peaceful world. This involves, first of all, some agreement on what was wrong with the old Germany.

Even more urgently, we need a short-range program for the rapid rehabilitation of Europe—a program which will harness the human and material resources of Germany, instead of leaving a slowly decomposing body in the heart of the Continent.

To some extent these two plans will conflict. A long-range plan would undoubtedly aim at reducing Germany's economic preponderance on the Continent. It would try to build up the backward nations so as to make them less dependent upon Germany. It would aim at integrating Germany into Europe, and Europe into the world.

The short-range plan, on the other hand, would immediately make use of existing or potential German capacity to provide as quickly as possible the materials for reconstruction and new development throughout Europe.

The whole problem, simply stated, is how to make the present poorhouse into a powerhouse for reconstruction, without letting the powerhouse acquire too broad a permanent franchise, and, above all, without allowing the powerhouse ever again to become an arsenal.

This problem is difficult, but not insuperable.

To date, not one of the occupying powers has had a clear policy. Each has had its own understandable preoccupation. The Soviet Union has been concerned with reparations in order to restore its own devastated areas. France has

been concerned with partition, as a protection against a fourth German invasion. Britain has been concerned with restoring as much as possible of the prewar map of the world. The United States has been concerned with preserving as much as possible of the world's prewar economic order. None of us has worked out a realistic and considered view of the two interwoven problems—immediate rehabilitation and the ultimate creation of a world capable of living in peace. This is what needs to be done. Germany is only a part of that twofold problem, but a part which reflects the whole.

A long-range plan for Germany must answer four questions:

First: *What Germany?* That is, what territories and what peoples are to compose the new German nation? Second: *What kind of economic structure is it to have?* Third: *What kind of political structure is it to have?* And fourth: *How are the German people to be made peace-loving instead of warlike?*

Pitfalls of Partitioning

THE FIRST THING that has to be settled is what physical Germany we are talking about. This involves chiefly the former German breadbasket in the east and the former German arsenal in the west. Shall Poland be allowed to keep the eastern farming country placed under temporary Polish administration by the Potsdam Agreement? And, what shall be done about the French demand that the Saar be annexed to France and the Ruhr and Rhineland be separated from the new Germany?



We have already noted that if the eastern provinces remain cut off, the new Germany will have to import food for about half, instead of a quarter, of its 68,000,000 people. In that case it would have to manufacture twice as much for sale abroad.

Since all industry is potentially war industry, it is clear from these facts that the removal of the eastern breadbasket interferes with any plan to reduce Germany's industrial warmaking capacity. Indeed, it actually stimulates it. It also limits the amount of reparations Germany can be made to pay.

The Poles, backed by the Russians, maintain that the Potsdam award of the eastern provinces was only *formally* tentative and must stand—particularly as they have already expelled most of the former German population. In December, 1946, the Polish Government announced that about 6,000,000 Germans had been driven out and about 3,000,000 Poles resettled in what the Poles call “the recovered areas.”

These and later figures indicate that the Poles do not actually need, and cannot profitably utilize, all the farmland they have acquired. Much of it is, as a matter of fact, reported going to waste at the present time.

The second major frontier question concerns the two former German arsenals—the Ruhr and Upper Silesia. The basis of both industrial centers is coal, of which the Ruhr is capable of producing almost three times as much as the German part of Upper Silesia. Silesia can justifiably be called disputed territory, since it is inhabited by a somewhat mixed German-Polish population. This is not true of the other amputated provinces.

Given these basic facts and given the repudiation of the United Nations Declaration, the wisest course would seem: (1) to let Poland keep its half of agricultural East Prussia, returning the rest of the breadbasket to Germany; and (2) to let Poland keep Upper Silesia, with its coal and industry, in order to lessen the new Germany's industrial predominance in Europe. But this can be done without risk of making a permanent pauper out of Germany only if the *western* coal and industry are permitted to remain German. That is where the two questions interlock.

Neither Threat Nor Pawn

LET US NOW consider what kind of economy and what kind of political structure the new Germany should have. This question will have to be answered not alone by the victorious Allies, but by the German people within the limits laid down for them by the Allies.

The primary Allied consideration will, of course, be security. Not only must Germany be prevented from ever again disturbing the peace; but also from becoming “a pawn or partner” in

any future military, economic, or political struggle. When we say this, we must realize that we are talking about an objective much broader than can be directly encompassed by Allied policy in Germany. We are saying that there must be no future struggle at all—for, if there should be one, there will be no way to prevent Germany from taking some sort of a part in it.

One way to prevent Germany itself from starting a new conflict is to deny it *permanently* the right to the means of aggression. This involves making the new Germany *permanently* into a second-class nation, and places *permanently* upon the enforcing powers the responsibility for keeping Germany in a state of impotence.

An alternative method is to deny it the right to the means of aggression *until such time as the new German nation shall have demonstrated beyond reasonable doubt that it has rid itself of the will to aggression.*

The difference between the two methods is one of end objective. The immediate procedures would not vary greatly, but their effect would vary—both upon the German people and upon the peoples of the enforcing powers. A people doomed to permanent second-class citizenship in the world society will behave differently from a people which sees some ray of hope for equality in the future—even if only for its unborn generations. Similarly, peoples who have assigned themselves a troublesome and unpleasant police job for eternity will react differently from peoples who

have undertaken such a job with a definite terminus in view.

Either method, as long as it is properly carried out, will prevent Germany from actually starting another war; but which will best prevent Germany from becoming the chief bone of contention?

A new Germany, placed permanently under guardianship, will present an infinite number of interallied problems and provocations. It will tend to become a battleground rather than a meeting ground where conflict is resolved. Many of these problems and provocations will exist also during a protracted period of temporary guardianship, but they will tend to disappear as the German people gradually take over responsibility. This presupposes, of course, that under temporary guardianship the German people would be given a chance to re-educate themselves and would take advantage of it.

Whether or not this assumption is valid, the fact remains that under permanent guardianship there would be no possibility of such a development. A permanent guardianship would forever keep the German people in their present state of obedient political dependence upon external authority. Likewise, it would place the enforcing powers in the position of parents who knew that their children would never fully grow up and would forever present them with the problems of childhood and adolescence.

To reject the idea that the new Germany should be a permanently impotent, second-class nation is not to reject all permanent limitations upon its economy

or political structure. It means only that we must think of such limitations in terms of ultimately universal application. Not only the Germans but *all* peoples must eventually by mutual agreement restrict the manufacture of whatever endangers world peace. Not only the Germans but *all* peoples must eventually agree to outlaw social structures which by their nature lead to violence and aggression. The Germans must for a time have these restrictions imposed upon them, but in the end they must impose them upon themselves. If you accept this point of view, the limitations to be imposed by the Allies upon the ultimate structure of the new Germany automatically become those limitations which a peaceful world society will impose upon itself. This can actually happen only when the United Nations is developed, as it must be, into a world government of limited powers.

Production for Whom?

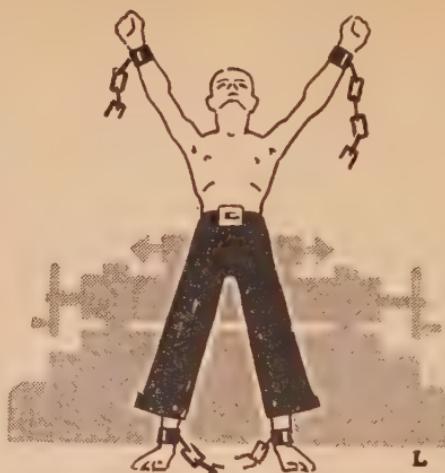
AS FOR the ultimate German economy, the important factor is not so much *what* the German machine produces as *for whom* it produces. If, as in the past, it produces for an authoritarian state, controlled by a Junker-industrialist clique, it will probably produce ultimately for war—no

matter what limitations are imposed upon it. If the German machine produces for the German people—and if the German people become politically mature—it will probably produce for peace, even though it could turn out products with a high war potential.

The German industrial machine is highly monopolistic. It has in the past been controlled by the same clique which ruled the State. The German people must decide—as soon as

they are fit to decide—in what manner they want to make themselves the masters of their machine instead of its slaves. The mere transference of monopolies from private hands to the state would not guarantee anything—if the state remained in the hands of a ruling clique.

At this point you are probably thinking: "But, surely, there is an alternative to socialization of the monopolies." Theoretically, there is. Theoretically there is the alternative of trust-busting—an enlightened capitalism regulated in the public interest. Practically, however, there seems little chance of such a development in Germany—or, for that matter, in most of Europe. The old power groups have been weakened or destroyed; there is little chance for new accumulations of capital in the hands of private individ-



uals; and the whole of recent history tends to show that, while technological man might be able to solve his problems without resort to monopolistic practices, he will not, as a practical matter, choose this course. Thus, public ownership of the big monopolies becomes inevitable.

It follows that the problem of Germany's long-range economic future is largely identical with the problem of its political future. A peaceful Germany means a Germany which will produce for the peoples of Europe. Such a Germany will produce very largely through the intermediary of the state. Much depends, therefore, upon what sort of state the new Germany will be.

Freedom for Opposition

THIS BRINGS US to the question of what limitations are to be imposed upon the ultimate political structure of Germany. Here too we must follow the principle that, while for a considerable time certain limitations must be imposed by the Allies, in the end the German people must impose upon themselves the same limitations which the whole of a peaceful world society imposes upon itself.

Our own present-day thinking upon this subject is still very confused. We have affirmed (Atlantic Charter) "the right of all peoples to choose the form of government under which they will live." But we have also said (Secretary of State Hull, April 9, 1944) that "free governments and Nazi or Fascist governments cannot exist together in this world." We have said that Germany, Italy, and Japan may not again set up

fascist governments, but we have so far tolerated fascist governments in Spain, in Portugal, and in Latin America.

Moreover, many Americans cannot see much difference between fascism and communist totalitarianism, and therefore do not see how we can ban the one without likewise banning the other. This is too complex a question to handle here. Yet we cannot ignore it in discussing the future of Germany. The answer must evolve during the period of years when Germany will be under the guardianship of precisely those powers which must in the end resolve the present conflict.

If I were to hazard a guess—or perhaps a hope—I should expect the evolution of a universally accepted principle which would read something like this: *All governments agree to tolerate and encourage the existence of a "loyal opposition."* This would eliminate the police-state and totalitarianism of all sorts. Within this limitation there could be many kinds of states—from free-enterprise capitalism to complete communism—from close-knit centralization to the loosest form of confederation. But whatever the nature of the state, its structure would not prevent it from being responsive to the will of the people. Germany, properly handled, may well turn out to be the pilot-plant in which the conflicting political theories of East and West find a common denominator.

This seems to me the long-range political consideration which far overshadows the much-discussed question of whether Germany should be a loose confederation of

independent states, a federal union, or a strongly centralized state. As a practical matter, neither extreme is possible. A loose confederation of independent states runs counter to the course of German history and would mean to the German people a denial of nationhood and a turning back of the clock to the nineteenth century. It could be imposed upon them only so long as they remained under guardianship. Similarly, a completely centralized state would have to be imposed by force, since it would do violence to still powerful sentiments of local pride and loyalty.

The real argument boils down to how much or how little power is to be vested in the new federal government. The crux of this question will be the extent to which socialization of industry will mean ownership by the federal union, or ownership by the individual states composing the union. The Russians favor a high degree of centralization. The French want decentralization amounting to dismemberment. The British and we are—perhaps rather sensibly—in between.

Whose Coal?

THE CENTRAL problem here is the Ruhr, with its coal and industry. (The much less important Saar has been more or less conceded to France.) The French want the Ruhr separated from Germany and placed under international control so it may never again become an arsenal against them. Rather than expel the western Germans, they want to separate them from Germany and place them under permanent non-Ger-

man guardianship. This proposal runs into two major difficulties: First, it has all the bad features inherent in any permanent international guardianship. Second, it would create a rump Germany which, minus breadbasket and coal, would be either a plague center or a permanent charity patient living mostly on the American taxpayer.

The answer seems to me to lie in another direction. Coal is the basis of a modern industrial economy, and all European countries, except Poland and Germany, and perhaps Russia and Britain, need more coal than they can produce



themselves. The two great sources of surplus are the Ruhr and Silesia. What we need is a new plan which recognizes that *all* Europe's coal belongs to Europe and not to the individual nations under whose soil it happens to lie. Such a plan would not deprive the coal-owning nations of the financial benefits of their ownership, but it would deprive them of the right to decide arbitrarily how much of their coal they would keep, how much they

would sell abroad, and to whom. It would involve something in the nature of a European Coal Authority, which, like our TVA, would have the power to allocate available resources in accordance with existing peaceful requirements. If this were done, there would be no valid reason for the French to annex even the Saar.

The same idea might be applied to other natural resources. The Ruhr involves a threat not only to French security but also to world security; and world security is far more intimately linked to "equal access to the world's raw materials and markets"—which we promised in the Atlantic Charter—than to any old-fashioned rearrangement of geographical frontiers. A plan such as that just suggested would end forever the threat of the Ruhr arsenal, for it would remove from the Germans, and place in the hands of the European Coal Authority, the determination of Germany's steel-making capacity.

Far more important—since, in the atomic age, coal and steel may not long remain the measure of war potential—would be the establishment of a new principle in the relations between sovereign nation-states. But this principle will have been only half established if it is applied only to German coal and not to all other European coal sources as well.

Changing the German People

HAVING touched upon *what* Germany and *what kind of* new Germany might some day be integrated with a peaceful Europe, we approach the most important

question of all. How are we to change the German people? Certainly the new Germany will be greatly influenced by its political and economic structure; but in the end the determining factor will be the nature of the people.

If the German people are to lose their will to aggression, they must rid themselves of the servile spirit which for generations has pervaded their homes, their schools, their churches, their state, and their everyday life. They must learn to become free citizens in a free society, which means that they must become politically mature. The guardian powers cannot do this for them. The Allies can remove by force the traditional machinery of German authoritarianism; they can weaken or destroy those power groups which have in the past managed that machinery, and thus perpetuated themselves in power; the Allies can even set up the machinery of a free democratic society—if they can agree among themselves what constitutes such a society. But the German people themselves must generate the will to use that machinery; they must acquire the ability to use it; they must find within themselves the determination to cherish their own democratic freedom.

At best, this process will be long and arduous. It will probably be an as yet unborn generation of Germans that will earn its way back into a position of full equality in a peaceful world. Even this will come about only if the powers who assume the responsibility of guardianship co-operate—and, not as authoritarian

ian managers, but as democratic guardians.

Military governors are poor teachers of democracy; and people shivering in breadlines do not make apt pupils. We have a long way to go before we can even begin to solve this problem. The first thing we must learn is the limit of our possible range of action. We cannot re-educate the Germans. We can only help them to re-educate themselves; and the best way to help them is by setting an example, not only by what we do in Germany, but by what we do at home.

Europe's Needs

ONE THING is certain: any long-range plan is doomed to failure if war breaks out or if the world is divided into two hostile camps glowering at each other across a German No-Man's-Land. Thus the primary objective of any immediate short-range plan for Germany must be to attain a period of relative tranquillity in which the ultimate structure of peace can be built.

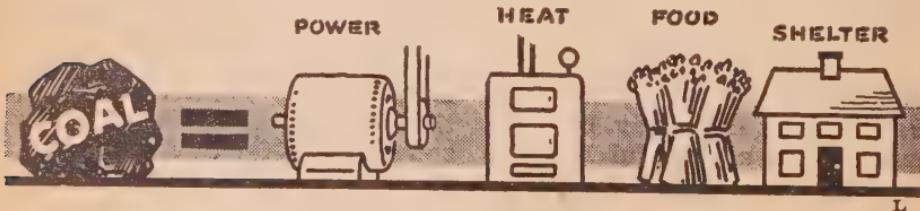
This would require the ending of the acute misery which is the after-effect of the war. Two years after V-E Day, Europe is a continent of vast needs, stripped of supplies and unable to get its productive machinery going. Chief among its needs are raw materials, but even were these at

hand they could not be used and manufactured without machine parts. To acquire these, Europe needs ready cash, especially United States dollars. The normal means of obtaining foreign-exchange balances are thrown out of kilter by the fact that Europe is no longer one trading community but an eastern and western area separated by an unrepairs German bridge.

Even East and West are not trading communities in themselves. Artificial barriers still block transport, communication, and the exchange of goods and services. Currencies are depreciated or worthless. Today the incentive for productive work has been almost eliminated. Men work in order to be able to buy what their families need or in order to store up savings against a rainy day. In most of Europe there are practically no consumers' goods beyond the barest necessities; and in most of Europe people do not trust the future purchasing power of any money they might now save.

In this general distress, some countries are faring a little better and some worse, but everywhere the process of recovery is impeded. The worst trouble centers are the former Axis nations, and the focal spot of this diseased area is Germany.

Not only is it evident that Ger-



many, as the former key market place and supplier, simply does not exist; but Germany is at present the most likely bone of contention between the two power groups which will decide Europe's destiny.

Program for Action

IN TRYING to evaluate any new four-power program for immediate action, we must submit it to three major tests:

Does the program go to the root of the problem of European recovery?

Is it consistent with the long-range design for a peaceful Germany integrated into a peaceful Europe?

Does it hold forth a reasonable promise of fostering a period of tranquillity by eliminating Germany as the most likely cause of dissension?

If the new program for immediate action in Germany is to push the economy of Europe off dead center and start recovery, it must first eliminate the zonal barriers and permit the German economy to function as a unit.

Next, it must quickly eliminate the present obstacles to full production of Ruhr coal. Heat, power, food, and shelter depend upon coal. Without coal there can be no steel or machines. Without machines there can be no clothes or shoes or houses or tin cans to preserve food. It is even true that without coal there cannot be enough actual food production, for this requires fertilizer, which in Europe means nitrogen derived from coal.

The new plan must quickly restore the incentive to work

and trade by stabilizing German currency. Otherwise, there can be no recovery.

Finally, the plan must provide an acceptable compromise between sentiment and reason in the working out of German and non-German priorities, especially in the allocation of coal and steel. Justice demands that the countries overrun by the Nazis be given priority over Germany itself. Reason asserts that the prime necessity for getting the European economy going is to get its central gear-wheel going in Germany. The plan must take both aspects into consideration.

The new plan must also provide a clearly defined reparations program. It must eliminate the present confusion between reparations and the half-retained and half-rejected Morgenthau notion of de-industrialization. And it must clearly make the payment for whatever are considered necessary imports a first charge—ahead of reparations payments—upon the proceeds of German exports.

We come now to the second major question: Is the new short-range program consistent with the long-range design for a peaceful Germany integrated with a peaceful Europe?

The chief consideration here will be that of reconciling the short-range and long-range security measures. If the long-range design relies for peace upon the ultimate regeneration of the German people, then most of the security limitations imposed during the guardianship can be considered temporary. If, however, the long-range plan re-

lies upon permanent limitations imposed by force, then every step in the short-range program must be carefully considered in that light. Here is one more reason for not embarking upon permanent guardianship.

This brings us to the final question: Does the new program hold forth a reasonable promise of a period of tranquillity by removing Germany as the most likely cause of great-power dissension?

The fear which hangs over Europe and the whole world is that the Soviet Union and the western powers will not be able to get along together. To deny that there is a basis for this fear is as foolish and irresponsible as to insist that a war between East and West is inevitable. There are old-fashioned conflicts of "national interest" between Russia and Britain and between Russia and the United States. There is the conflict between the capitalist and socialist extremes, especially between the United States and the Soviet Union. And the deepest cleavage of all lies between the Eastern and the Western concepts of the relation of the individual to the state. Added to these are the more superficial difficulties arising out of different patterns of behavior—in and outside of official conferences.

What sharpens this conflict is the conviction on both sides that the mere existence of the Eastern order is a threat to the existence of the Western order—and vice versa. This undercurrent of mutual fear leads both sides to try to push out their physical and ideological frontiers as far as possible. And the thrusting for-

ward of the two systems inevitably brings them into collision.

The alleviation of this conflict, by finding common ground for compromise and eliminating mutual distrust, is the major immediate problem of the peace. But we are concerned here with only one point of collision—where the choice between conflict or collaboration is inevitable.

The Need for Compromise

FROM THIS point of view, the first criterion to apply to any new plan for Germany is whether it is *really a compromise*. A diplomatic "victory" for either side spells defeat for both. If the plan is such as to make Germany into an Eastern salient projecting into the Western world, it is not a good plan. Nor is any plan good which would result in making Germany into a western bridge-head jutting into the East. Either would mean that Germany had become "a pawn or partner."

Second, there can be no period of tranquillity in which to build a lasting peace if Germany is permitted to become an intermediary between East and West. There is no room for an "honest broker" and if there were, Germany today most certainly could not be relied upon to be an *honest broker*. There is probably no surer way to precipitate a conflict than to allow the Germans to play off one side against the other. It follows that we should be alive to danger whenever we see any statesman making pronouncements which seem directed at currying favor with the Germans rather than at reaching agreement among the responsible pow-

ers. Statesmen are human; the load upon them is often almost inhuman; and temptation is great. But, we as citizens must be courageous enough to denounce any tendencies in this direction. *Any attempt by either side to woo the Germans from the other is a move toward war.*

The third yardstick with which we must measure whether any short-range plan will lead to a period of tranquillity is this: Does the new plan resolve conflicts through a compromise affecting all of Germany? Or does it seek a compromise by dividing Germany into spheres of influence? The first implies an honest facing and reconciliation of conflicting points of view; the second is merely the temporary evasion of conflict. The first leads to a Europe, and a world, united in the determination to maintain peace; the second leads to a divided Germany, a divided Europe, and a divided world. Any solution which permits Britain, France, or the United States to do one thing in western Germany, while the Russians do something else in eastern Germany, is no solution at all. Nor is any plan by which the West seeks to exclude the East, let us say, from the Ruhr, or the East seeks to exclude the West from some other part of the German problem.

Finally, a new plan for Germany must be one which considers not only the interests of the great powers but of all the countries of Europe, and, in a sense, of the world. It must be a plan which moves toward the integration of the whole European economy, eliminates artificial barriers

to trade, deliberately seeks to build up backward countries, and rests upon the realization that nations can no longer achieve either peace or prosperity at the expense of other nations.

Our Crisis of Opportunity

YOU WILL SEE that such a plan has very direct implications for us in this country. We cannot help rebuild the world if at the same time we are trying to take advantage of it. We must follow a policy at home and abroad which makes world peace and prosperity its main objectives.

Our country is one of the great powers charged with making the peace. We are one of the trustees for all the peoples of the world. And we are, for the moment, the strongest.

This is our crisis of opportunity. A moment to use our strength throughout the world, not to hoard it. A moment to use our strength—not in the arrogant flexing of our military and economic muscles, but in the determined pursuit of a clearly defined purpose. This is the time for us to stop floundering in vagueness and ambiguity—to show courage tempered by wisdom, determination conditioned by respect for the rights of others, and strength made gentle by a sense of responsibility.

We alone cannot make our peace. But our failure alone can wreck it. If we have failed thus far to do our share, it is not solely the fault of our government. We have a government which does, in the long run, represent the will of the people. And we are the people.

END

BAKER STREET



BEECHER



BLACK HAT



BLACK BOOT



PIG

The cult of Sherlock Holmes makes a ritual of wit and conviviality, and grand wizards of Christopher Morley, Elmer Davis, Rex Stout, and other Conanites

By TOM MAHONEY

IN THE HOPE of enriching their lives, or maybe just to have an excuse for another night out, Americans have formed some strange organizations. None, perhaps, is more fantastic than the Baker Street Irregulars. This cult, composed of men important in business or in the arts, is the first in history to be devoted to the adoration of a character of fiction—Sherlock Holmes, the detective created by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

The principal tenet of the Irregulars is that Holmes is not a character of fiction but a human being now in retirement in Sussex, where he is operating a bee farm. This drollery is celebrated each year in New York with a bacchanalian dinner about January 6, the birthday of the detective according to astrological calculations. Between dinners it is kept alive by societies in Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, and other cities, and through a scholarly quarterly called *The Baker Street Journal*. This is edited as a labor of purest love by Edgar Smith, a General Motors overseas vice-president.

"There is more than time and space and the yearning for things gone by to account for what we feel toward Sherlock Holmes," this quarterly explained in an editorial. "Not only there and then, but here and now, he stands before us as a symbol—a symbol, if you please, of all that we are not, but ever would be. . . . We see him as the fine expression of our urge to trample evil and to set aright the wrongs with which the world is

IRREGULARS

Each of the objects drawn in the margins plays an important part in a Sherlock Holmes story. Are you detective enough to tell from which story each is derived? Answers on page 114.

Illustrated by JAN BALET

plagued. He is Galahad and Socrates, bringing high adventure to our dull existences and calm, judicial logic to our biased minds. He is the success of all our failures; the bold escape from our imprisonment."

The Irregulars were born of a crossword puzzle. While crossing the Atlantic on a Cunard liner in 1934, Frank Morley, the publisher, amused himself by devising a puzzle in which all of the vertical and horizontal words came from the Holmes stories. He sent the puzzle to his brother, Christopher, who published it in *The Bowling Green*, a column which he was then conducting in *The Saturday Review of Literature*.

A dozen perfect solutions were submitted and, by way of reward, their authors were invited by the Morley brothers to lunch at Christ Cella's restaurant on East 45th Street in New York. This group formed the Baker Street Irregulars, choosing the name from the urchins who aided the great detective by trailing hansom cabs. "These youngsters," Holmes explained in *A Study in Scarlet*, "go everywhere, hear everything. All they want is organization."

The new B. S. I. promptly remedied this want by electing bearded Christopher Morley its leader. An appropriate constitution, drafted by Elmer Davis, the radio commentator, was adopted.

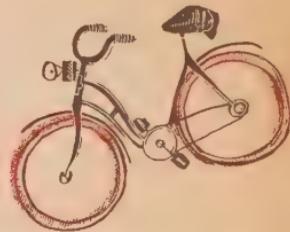
"Its purpose shall be the study of the Sacred Writings," reads this brief document. "All persons shall be eligible for membership who pass an ex-



CANDLE



MAN'S BIKE



WOMAN'S BIKE

amination in the Sacred Writings set by officers of the society, and who are considered otherwise suitable.

"An annual meeting shall be held on January 6th, or thereabouts, at which the Conanical toasts shall be drunk; after which the members shall drink at will. The current round shall be bought by any member who fails to identify, by title of story and context, any quotation from the Sacred Writings submitted by any other member.

"Special meetings may be called at any time or any place by any one of three members, two of whom shall constitute a quorum. If said two are of opposite sexes, they shall use care in selecting the place of meeting, to avoid misinterpretation (or interpretation either, for that matter). . . . All other business shall be left for the monthly meeting. There shall be no monthly meeting."

Cella's honored the organization for a time with "Sherlock" and "Irene" signs on its rest rooms for men and women. This was in honor of the detective and Irene Adler, heroine of *A Scandal in Bohemia*.

Those present at the first formal meeting included the late William Gillette, who played Holmes on the stage, and Gene Tunney, retired heavyweight champion. Though he had not been invited, Alexander Woolcott, wearing a plaid hunting cap and cape, arrived in a hansom cab. Woolcott wrote an article suggesting that Abdul Hamid, the Damned, was the spiritual godfather of the Irregulars. On his last night as Sultan of Turkey, Abdul had ignored the murdered Armenians, his harem, and the approaching revolutionists to listen to a Sherlock Holmes story.

In 1942, the late President Roosevelt accepted honorary membership and designated as "221-B Baker Street" the Secret Service quarters at his "Shangri-La" retreat in Maryland's Catoctin Mountains. Last year President Truman became an honorary B. S. I.

Meanwhile, scion societies spread the fantasy to other cities. Oldest of these is the Five Orange Pips of Westchester County, New York. It dates from 1935 and includes considerably more than five members. Subsequently organized were the Speckled Band of Boston, the Scandalous Bohemians of Akron, the Scowlers of San Francisco, the



OIL LAMP



DUMBBELL



ANOTHER BIKE

Hounds of the Baskerville (sic) of Chicago, the Canadian Baskervilles of Toronto, the Dancing Men of Providence, R. I., the Amateur Mendicant Society of Detroit, the Six Napoleons of Baltimore, and the Seventeen Steps of Los Angeles.

Vincent Starrett, who has announced that he would take Holmes to a desert island "and do without the *Bible*, the *Iliad*, and Shakespeare," and Ben Abramson, book dealer, led in forming the Chicago society. It includes Leonarde Keeler, developer of the lie detector; Professor J. Finley Christ of the University of Chicago; Howard Vincent O'Brien, columnist; and Walter Yust, editor of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. Mr. Abramson has since moved to New York and is publisher of *The Baker Street Journal*.

Leader of the San Francisco group is William A. P. White, with the title of Bodymaster. Under the pen name of Anthony Boucher, Mr. White is a writer of the Holmes radio show. A few years ago, he wrote a detective novel, *The Case of the Baker Street Irregulars*, in which he had the B. S. I. wiped out while it members were serving as technical advisers on a Holmes movie.

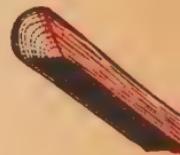
The San Francisco society boasts a female auxiliary called the Molly Maguires. Women also have membership in some of the other scion societies, but the B. S. I. bars them despite the mention of both sexes in its constitution and despite the fact that women like Helene Yuhasova of the State Department have written some of the best pieces in *The Baker Street Journal*.

Women receive attention, however, in the ritual of the annual dinner of the Irregulars. The first of the Conanical toasts is to "The Woman" (Irene Adler). This is proposed before the Irregulars repair to the table and one carefully selected feminine admirer of Holmes attends long enough to represent Irene. The next toast is to "Mrs. Hudson" (landlady of Holmes), the third to "Mycroft" (brother of Holmes), and the fourth to "Dr. Watson's Second Wife."

During the preliminaries an innocent bellboy may be sent through the crowd shouting: "Call for Professor Moriarity!" Doctor Watson's battered dispatch box, the hypodermic needle, false teeth of Holmes, and other sacred relics are displayed. A few members arrive dressed as Holmes-



TWO MORE
BIKES



BILLET
OF WOOD



TORN
THEATRE
TICKET

ian characters. This practice once gave the organization a bad fright. A bearded man hobbling down the hall of the Murray Hill Hotel, in which the B. S. I. then met, was hailed gleefully as the "Creeping Man." The members slapped him on the back, pulled his beard, and poured a stiff drink down him only to learn that he was a permanent guest at the hotel—and an arthritic to boot!

The official anthem, *The Road to Baker Street*, composed by Harvey Officer, a music teacher turned advertising man, is sung during dinner. In recent years the dinner has always been curried chicken, prepared as Mrs. Hudson did for Holmes.

During dinner members challenge each other to identify certain fragments of the Sacred Writings. As the group includes such professional mystery experts as Fletcher Pratt and Rex Stout, there are prompt answers even for questions like these: "In what Holmes stories are telephones mentioned? In what type of business were the Allan Brothers? Mawson & Williams? Dawson & Neligian?" The question that drew the most laughter at the last meeting was: "In what story did Holmes say: 'I hope you observed all precautions, Mrs. Hudson?'" Two members promptly replied with *The Adventure of the Empty House*.

Two or three scholarly papers are read and subsequently published in *The Baker Street Journal*. Some are pastiches, a term used to describe a story that Dr. Watson might have told but didn't. One of these, by the late Dr. Logan Clendening of Kansas City, tells how Sherlock Holmes found Adam and Eve in heaven by their lack of navels. Frederic Dannay and Manfred Lee, who collaborate as Ellery Queen, have turned out a whole book of pastiches.

Essays have analyzed almost every conceivable aspect of Sherlock and his associates. Christopher Morley, a Rhodes scholar, early suggested that the detective was an American, possibly a Rhodes scholar who remained in England. Dr. Charles Goodman, a New York dentist member, has turned up evidence that Sherlock suffered from pyorrhea and turned to cocaine because of dental troubles.

Some irreverent and even ribald suggestions have enlivened the B. S. I. In an essay on *The Fiscal Holmes* Colonel Robert Keith Leavitt argued that Holmes was "strictly wheels within wheels"

and that he collected heavily from the Scotland Yard inspectors, whose cases he solved, being paid with funds from London's underworld.

Rex Stout sponsored the theory that Dr. Watson was a woman and the secret wife of Holmes. Only a wife, insists Stout, would say: "I am one of the most long-suffering of mortals," as attributed to Watson in *The Valley of Fear*.

Lee Wright, crime editor for Simon and Schuster, suggested that Mrs. Hudson, Holmes's landlady, was really a retired shoplifter who housed the detective in order to confuse Scotland Yard.

Manly Wade Wellman, winner of the first Ellery Queen detective fiction contest, goes further. He has published a paper contending that Holmes and Mrs. Hudson were the parents, without benefit of clergy, of a son who grew up to be a criminologist.

There is a waiting list of several hundred people who are eager to take the place of any active members who may die or withdraw from the B. S. I. Membership is restricted to 60, the number of the Holmes stories, and guests at the \$12-per-person annual dinners are virtually limited to the sons of members.

The Irregulars have two problems. One is the matter of a new meeting place, and the other is the antipathy of the Arthur Conan Doyle estate to *The Baker Street Journal*. The first probably will be solved by choosing the Algonquin or the equally appropriate Chelsea to replace the old Murray Hill Hotel as a meeting place. The second matter is a trifle more complex. Whatever the results of this attitude may be, the Irregulars regard themselves as the true guardians of the dignity and ideals of Sherlock Holmes. END



THE BLONDE in the AMBASSADOR'S BED

It was not just the mystery of a corpse in the yard, but what they would think at Lake Success. A story

By LAWRENCE TREAT

THE CORPSE was well-dressed in a suit of foreign make. But in a gully beside the country house the figure was gruesome rather than impressive.

Indoors, the ambassador was asleep. The mound of blankets on his side of the bed was higher than on hers, for the ambassador was a portly man, layered with fleshy substance. By contrast the blonde beside him was decorated with a mere hint and suggestion

of it, just enough, say, to add chic to her snug figure.

She waited until his breathing came slow, deep, and even. Then she slipped out of bed, draped a robe over her shoulders, and left the room. But in the hallway she felt lost. The strange house, the darkness of the corridor, the cat's eyes that gleamed from the stairway and almost made her scream, the groping from door to door — it all conspired to make her feel weak and even panicky.

She found the study nevertheless, entered it, and switched on a light. Then her confidence returned. She saw his official instructions, original and two carbons, lying on the desk. She read the document carefully. She kept thinking of the things he had said about his country.



"It's small," he had once remarked, "and a sort of international plaything. Few of its people have had the advantage of an Oxford education, like myself. Nevertheless they have rights."

He had explained, also, that there were two factions, which he called the democrats' party and the cartel's party. And when she had accused him of oversimplification he had replied, "Perhaps, but it's preferable to overcomplicating oneself into a state of stasis."

She removed pages three, four, and nine, and retyped them, inserting the vital statistics, which she had memorized, and then redrafted the last paragraph completely. He himself had pointed out that his report, once read, would be accepted as a matter of course, from the U.N. temporary subcommission through the specialized agency and all the way up to the assembly, where the fate of his country would be decided. If there was anything false in the report, which was to be read tomorrow, it could no longer be changed. That element was an important factor in her plans.

When she had finished her work, she fitted the new sheets neatly into the three stacks. The old sheets she took to the bathroom, burnt them, and flushed the ashes down the toilet. Now she could feel that her work would sway nations and change the course of history. She returned to bed.

Lying next to him, she began to calm down. She thought of his massive, almost monumental honesty. She thought of the respect of his fellow-delegates for him.



Then she let herself think of the man who lay dead in the gully behind the house, with a bullet in his brain. She shivered.

Her shuddering woke the ambassador. "Cold?" he said.

"No," she murmured. "Nervous about tomorrow."

"Nothing to be nervy about," he rumbled. "Report's practically ready. I read it, they accept it. Tomorrow I'm what you Americans call the Big Shot."

She nestled closer to him. "Big Shot Winkie," she said.

He breathed deeply. "Ah," he said. He was not a demonstrative man.

IN THE MORNING a tall, pug-faced police officer with a lopsided mouth and a crop of dark, stiff hair was waiting downstairs. He introduced himself as Lieutenant Greenwood, in charge of the local precinct, and stated that a body, with all identification removed, had been found in the ravine behind the house. Neither

Isabel nor the ambassador reacted to the news.

"You haven't lived here long, have you?" asked the lieutenant.

"As a matter of fact we don't live here at all," said the ambassador. "Just a borrowed house. A friend of mine divorced recently, sold the house, and went traveling. New owner doesn't receive title until next month, and we've taken over his diggings, complete with servants. When the new owner comes we go."

The lieutenant didn't answer. He studied them both and his lips twisted into a vague, wet smile of disapproval. In a perverse way and because he didn't scare her, Isabel liked him.

"Come and have breakfast with us," she said. "And be as gruesome as you want. I love it."

She led the way into the tiny breakfast room with the green table and two small green benches. Paul, the butler, brought in coffee. Lieutenant Greenwood ignored him. Unsmiling now, Greenwood picked up a folding chair, fumbled with its mechanism, and couldn't quite open it. When he finally sat down, it spread the last couple of inches and locked itself with a sharp click.

"American gadgets," observed the ambassador, "are wonderful things, but they require an engineer to operate them. Or at least a chap with your Yankee know-how."

The lieutenant cleared his throat, as if to indicate that the remark was not funny. The butler, smiling discreetly, went out and then returned with an extra cup and saucer.

"I'd like to know where you were yesterday afternoon," began Greenwood.

"I went to a concert at Carnegie Hall," said Isabel at once.

"Alone?"

"Oh, no. There were hundreds of people there."

"Anyone who knew you?"

Isabel trained her large, limpid blue eyes on his glittering dark ones. "Of course."

She mentioned several people whom she had seen and the lieutenant jotted down the names on a pad. Then he turned to the ambassador. "And you?" he said.

"What is the precise purpose of this?" asked the ambassador.

"The man whose body we found was shot. His suit, his shoes, his hat, his underwear—all were of foreign make."

"Yes?"

"We traced him to this house."

"How exciting!" exclaimed Isabel. "You mean a murder—here?"

The lieutenant glared—a hard, professional glare that nailed you down and dared you to squirm.

Isabel winked. Then, as if by prearranged signal, the ambassador went into action.

"I might remind you," he said, "that I'm a U.N. delegate. I have an important report to give at eleven o'clock this morning and it concerns the welfare of several million people. For just such a contingency as this, I have a contract granting me certain immunities. I've reserved a seat in the shuttle going out to Lake Success this morning and I can give you"—he consulted his watch—"precisely a half hour."

"Where were you yesterday afternoon?" asked the lieutenant.

"Upstairs, working. And I was quite alone."

"Did you hear a shot?"

"My dear man, I wouldn't have heard a cannon go off."

"Were you expecting anyone?"

The ambassador sighed. "In my wretched business I'm always expecting people. But I venture to make two suggestions. That you pursue your inquiries about me without publicity and through the proper channels, which are the offices of the U.N. Secretary-General. And, before you do so, note and consider the chair you're sitting in. It folds in a rather complicated manner." He stood up ponderously. "Might save you a bit of work," he said. And, smacking his lips in pleasure, he lumbered out.

The lieutenant frowned. "U.N.," he muttered. "Diplomats. Chairs. Secretary-General. Don't they know this is a homicide?" He got up and went to the telephone. Isabel heard him saying a U.N. delegate was involved and asking how reporters should be handled, but she couldn't overhear the details. Besides, she was worried, for the lieutenant was sitting in the gray Cogswell chair in which a man had been murdered, and in her bones she knew that he would find out.

She said good-by to the ambassador upstairs.

"He's fun, isn't he?" she said, nodding backward toward the lieutenant.

"My dear, you have a perverted sense of humor." He studied her gravely. "And thank God for it," he added.

"Thank you," she amended, and curtsied to her knees.

From her window, she watched the ambassador leave. He gave no suggestion of worry, no hint of whether he knew. But that, she told herself, was his strength and his greatness. He had played the game of international poker for so long, the habit of repression was so ingrained, that he maneuvered equally to conceal his innocence or his guilt.

Thoughtfully she entered the study. The three piles of papers were lying on his desk, exactly as she had left them last night. For a brief moment she wondered whether he had forgotten them, but she was certain he hadn't. His mind was too well organized, his thinking too precise. He could never have forgotten them.

He was guilty.

SHE CHANGED her clothes rapidly and put on a cream-colored, suede jacket. She came downstairs humming and went into the kitchen. The butler, Paul, wiping the silver, said, "They've asked us not to leave the house. We were at my cousin's yesterday afternoon. We can prove every detail, but we're practically under arrest."

Katie, the cook, looked at Isabel as if it were all Isabel's fault. "It wasn't like this before," said Katie pointedly. "We're respectable. We want to give notice."

"You may leave at the end of the month," said Isabel. "When we do."

Then she headed for the front door. A uniformed cop was standing guard.

"Lady," he said, "the lieutenant wants you to stay in."

"Stay in! He can't make me do that."

"Look," said the cop, "he can do anything he wants. And if you don't do what he says, he'll lock you up as a material witness."

She removed her hat and went into the living room. Through the rear French doors that opened onto a small balcony, she could see the lip of the ravine and a half dozen police searching the slope, between there and the house. From where she stood, the trail made by dragging the body through the high grass showed unevenly, like a line drawn with a broken pen. At one point, the police were taking pictures.

She looked for Lieutenant Greenwood, but she didn't see him. Presently he entered the living room, walked straight to the telephone, and picked it up. She said, "Wouldn't you like permission to use it?"

He stopped dialing. "These calls go free."

"I didn't mean the money. I was just thinking of a sort of old-world courtesy."

He looked at her and his eyes dropped to her gold ankle-bracelet. "Hell!" he said, and went back to his dialing.

She bit her lips and glanced at the gray Cogswell chair. She seemed still to see a dead man sitting there, with two suitcases next to him and a dispatch case chained to his wrist. Blood dripped slowly from the wound in his head.

She turned swiftly and left the living room. Upstairs, she lifted the extension phone. The lieutenant was saying, "There was only one reporter and I told him it

was just a tramp. I'm putting the lab men to work and——" He broke off. "Somebody's listening in on the extension, Inspector."

There was a long pause. Isabel said, "It's my extension."

"I'll call you back, Inspector," said Greenwood. A minute or so later, a cop entered the room and asked her to leave.

SHE OBEYED, but she found a spot on the stairs where she could overhear most of what the lieutenant said. He was speaking to the inspector again, and then he called the U.N. and tried to get through to the Secretary-General. Later, she heard him listening to reports, mentioning Paul and Katie and describing them and saying over and over, "Yeah, that's what they claim. They had Sunday off and they say they went to see this cousin. I want to make sure they really did."

At eleven o'clock the police experts found traces of blood in the living room. Isabel heard talk of the benzidine test and of blood groupings. She went to the door of the living room, but she didn't go in. The chair was covered with a dark blue blanket.

She tried to reason out the ambassador's behavior. He had not taken the courier's documents with him. And while she supposed he was delivering his report orally and without notes, relying on his prodigious memory, the question she kept asking was, what was he remembering?

Shortly after lunch, the lieutenant went upstairs to the attic. When he came down, he was carrying two cowhide bags. Then he was on the phone again, rag-

ing at someone and saying he was the lieutenant and he didn't want any personal assistant, he wanted the Secretary-General and this was a homicide and did they know what the word meant or didn't they.

After that, Greenwood had a long talk with the inspector, and again Isabel heard the same thing. U.N. or not, the lieutenant kept saying, somebody did it and was going to fry for it, and was this New York or did it belong to the U.N. now? Then he calmed down and said sure, he'd get a warrant, and if it was as simple as that, why didn't somebody tell him?

He was gone for an hour or two and then he came back and went into the study. An assistant D.A. arrived and Isabel could hear the lieutenant saying that the report was written on two different typewriters and he could prove it.

SHE SAW NOW that she had only drawn the net tighter and provided one more piece of evidence against the ambassador. When she had returned from the concert yesterday she had found the body in the living room. She had tried unsuccessfully to open the dispatch case and then she had fled, wandering aimlessly and trying to decide what to do. Upon her return the second time, the body was gone and the ambassador was sitting downstairs. His shoes were scuffed and there were two small, brown seed burrs clinging to his trousers. He had said she was late and that there was barely time to dress for the dinner which the South American delegate was giving.

She went upstairs and sat at her window. Shortly after 6 P.M. she saw a U.N. car drive up to the house. A blue-uniformed chauffeur opened the door and the ambassador got out. He was carrying a cowhide dispatch case. The chain that had fastened it to the courier's wrist was missing, but she could have identified the case anywhere.

She flew downstairs and she was at the entrance when the ambassador walked in. He said, "Hello, Isabel," and she said, "Hello, Winkie. Did it come off all right?"

He smiled contentedly. "Oh, quite. No trouble at all."

"We democrats won?"

"Of course," he answered. Then he noticed the lieutenant. "Hello," he said. "You still here? How's crime?"

"Fine," answered the lieutenant. "I want to ask you a few questions. The Secretary-General"—he twisted his lips and pronounced the title with sarcasm—"said it was okay."

"Well, come along, then. You too, Isabel. You won't want to miss this."

The lieutenant gave her a sour look, but acquiesced.

The ambassador led the way into the living room. He had taken off his coat, but he still had the dispatch case under his arm. He sat down on the couch and said, "Well, found out anything?"

"Quite a bit," said the lieutenant. He leaned back in the blanked chair and took a paper from his pocket. "This is a warrant," he said. "This means I can make an arrest. It has the name of the person who killed André Madise."

"So you've found out the victim's name, have you? Although that shouldn't have been difficult."

"It was a cinch," said the lieutenant. "He got to the airport early yesterday afternoon. He was carrying two bags and he had a dispatch case chained to his wrist. The chain made a mark and I had photographs made of it. He had confidential papers to deliver personally to you. I guess you got them all right."

"Let's not guess. Let's confine ourselves to facts."

"Facts," said the lieutenant. He took a number of papers from his pocket and consulted them. "Madisë took a taxi from the airport to here driven by George Pisano. It was a \$3 ride and he paid in new currency, with a 50 cent tip. He walked into this house at 4 o'clock and was shot in the chair I'm sitting in right now." He looked for an effect and didn't find it. "We got photographs," he said. "I ripped the seat off the chair and sent it down to the lab. It's got Madisë's blood on it. And you were here at 4 o'clock. You admitted it."

"Upstairs, typing," said the ambassador.

"The body was dragged across the room and pushed out of that window. Then it was hauled down the hill and pitched into the gully, where a man by the name of Oscar Smith found it at 5 o'clock this morning. The two suitcases we found upstairs in the attic. The dispatch case is in your lap right now. And the stuff that was in it was lying on your desk, only there were some changes made on it that had the peculiar, identifying characteristics of your own

typewriter. That explains your motive, too. So I got a warrant for your arrest. For homicide."

The ambassador shrugged. "I think there's a flaw in your logic, lieutenant. If Madisë was killed because of the dispatches he was carrying, then false documents were obviously substituted in order to mislead me, and I'm the one person who couldn't possibly have killed him. Because I could hardly fool myself by such a substitution, could I?"

ISABEL GASPED. Then the papers she changed last night had been tampered with before she had even seen them. That was why he had left them at home.

"Furthermore," continued the ambassador, "it's quite obvious that, since no one knew precisely when the courier would reach here, the only people who could have been waiting for him and been prepared to kill him on arrival are myself, my wife, and the two servants. And my wife and the servants have alibis. Correct?"

"That's what I said before."

"In my country, we have a saying that only the guilty have good alibis. For the man—or woman—is poor indeed who hasn't a friend ready to commit perjury for him. And so, for the moment let us forget alibis and consider another matter—the matter of the servants."

"They've been working here for ten years," said the lieutenant. "Are you telling me that all of a sudden they turn into hired gunmen? That after ten years, somebody can come along and pay them to commit a homicide?"

"You make my point clearly.

And now would you be good enough to call the butler and ask him to bring in the Christmas ornaments?"

"Huh?" said Greenwood. "What do you want them for?"

"I don't. But if he doesn't know where they are, it proves he's an impostor, doesn't it? I believe the possibility is worth investigating. Unless, of course, you've satisfied yourself that they're the same Paul and Katie who've worked here all these years. Have you?"

For answer, the lieutenant got up and left the room.

A HALF HOUR later the police officer returned. He said: "I got hold of the real Paul and Katie, the family servants. They said they got a wire Friday morning telling them you weren't coming and not to stay on with the house. When I proved to this pair back in the kitchen that I had another Paul and Katie who knew every detail of this house, they saw the game was up and they cracked. But how did you figure they were phonies?"

"The folding chair," said the ambassador. "I mentioned it this morning. Would a real butler watch a guest struggle with the mechanism of one of those idiotic folding things and not even offer to help? It's against the habits of an entire lifetime."

Greenwood broke into his lopsided grin. "You spotted it all right," he said, "but why didn't you out with it this morning?"

The ambassador looked shocked. "What!" he exclaimed. "And spoil Isabel's fun?"

The lieutenant blinked, then gave it up and left. Isabel said,

"Winkie, I think you're a humbug. I bet you saw Paul leave the house right after the shot was fired. That's how you knew."

"True," admitted the ambassador. "But if I'd said so this morning the story would have been all over the papers and my whole report would have been questioned. Whereas this way I gained a day's time and forced the police department to co-operate with the U.N."

"Big Shot?" she said, smiling.

He nodded solemnly. "Quite. Big Shot Winkie. And I have a very big piece of advice for you, my dear."

"For your little American adviser?"

"Suggestions from a wife are a natural part of the marriage, but typing at midnight——"

"I am your secretary, too, you know."

"You were. But the first assignment of a secretary is to believe that in some small details her employer may know what he is talking about."

"So that is why you didn't take the papers! But how did you know I had——?"

"ABC: you always remove your rings when you type. This time you left them. And one more thing, my dear Isabel . . ."

"Yes?"

"My country is progressive, but we still have a few traditional ideas, such as the one which says: 'At night a woman's place is in her husband's bed.' You mustn't walk around and bother my papers."

Then he smiled. "We don't want the whole United Nations saying my country's affairs are run by the blonde in the ambassador's bed."

END

Way of the World

■ POPEYE'S LATIN COUSINS

Latin American cartoon strips are remarkable not alone for their earthy, often devastating humor, but also for their educational and political effectiveness.

In Chile the weekly comic magazine *Topaze* has an astonishing circulation and influence. Argentina's *Patoruzu* became so powerful a spokesman for democracy that it was censored by the Peron regime. Mexico is the only country in the world with an all-comic daily, and the combined circulation of Mexico's cartoon papers is greater than that of its other publications.

In Latin America, where literacy averages are lower, comics cater principally to an *adult* audience. The customers demand, and get, a frankness toward details of living that would not be permitted above the Rio Grande.

Drinking, carousing, and love making get extensive comic strip coverage. Scenes of *amor* are torrid, even Rabelaisian. Seduction, passion, and rape are offered with few details left to the imagination. And the love language—"what a fried potato"; "my little eaglet of the Andes"—is hardly translatable.

One Peruvian comic offered prizes to readers who sent in dreams, which its staff whipped up into strips. The Freudian implications were gamy, indeed, but circulation soared.

Argentina's *Tony* specializes in history. It serves factual data so successfully that instead of being

hidden behind schoolbooks, it is obligatory reading in many schools. Several Brazilian comic publications concentrate on local sports. They satirize players, sport fans, and café quarterbacks so spiritedly that their offices have sometimes been smashed up by *aficionados* who felt that their rowdy sense of humor was going too far.

Translated American strips are also popular. Popeye becomes *Espinaca* (spinach), Blondie is *Pepita* (little peppery one), and Superman is simply *Super Hombre*. But since Latin Americans began to do their own characters some



15 years ago, the imported varieties have been unable to match the domestic product, which relies on an intimate knowledge of fast-changing local slang, events, and humor.

—Ray Josephs

■ ROYAL NAVY'S ABC

During lonely night watches on heathen seas, or in their cheery wardrooms, officers of the British Royal Navy have for years pursued a project that will never be finished. They are rewriting the alphabet so that a chap can remember it more easily and cheerily. The practice stems from

the old naval custom of giving names to the letters—like "Dog" for D and "Easy" for E—to avoid mistakes in signalling.

A fairly recent version of R.N.'s alphabet follows. Improvements are solicited.

(Read the letters aloud phonetically)

'Ay for 'orses	O for heaven's
Beef or mutton	sake
C for th'	P for pleasure
Highlanders	Q for a theatre
Deef or dumb	'aRf er mo'
'Eave er brick	T for two
G fer police	U for me
H 'fore beauty	V fer la France
I for an eye	W for a match?
J for oranges*	X for break-
K Fr-rancis!	fast
L fer leather	Y for mistress
M pher Sis	Z for Marx
N for a dig	Brothers

*Jaffa, in Palestine, is a main source of R.N.'s citrus fruit.

—John Stuart Martin

■ TRUBSHAWE OF THE MOVIES

Michael Trubshawe has never appeared in motion pictures, but has nevertheless become a cinema figure of international renown. His name has been used in 26 movies so far.

Trubshawe is landlord of the Lamb Inn in Hove, Sussex England. He is—in the words of his best friend, David Niven—"six feet six, with a moustache you can see from the back at 50 yards on a clear day, and utterly no chin."

When Niven broke into the movies in 1935, he wanted to show his army chum that he still thought of him. So he contrived

to insert good old Mike Trubshawe's name into his pictures. The name began getting a laugh. But no director is pleased to have the audience snicker in the middle of a serious picture. So in recent years every Niven movie has become a contest, with Niven



pitting his wits against a director who is determined to keep Trubshawe out of his picture.

William Wyler, for example, gave orders that Trubshawe should on no account be mentioned during the action of *Wuthering Heights*. When the film was released Wyler nearly suffered a stroke. In the scene where two hounds jump up on him, Niven could be heard commanding, "Down, Mike! Down, Trubshawe!"

As Aaron Burr in *The Magnificent Doll*, Niven managed to introduce a 19th century politician as Governor Trubshawe. As a magician in *Eternally Yours*, he invoked a mystic incantation: "Hubble, bubble, trubshawe rubble." During the climactic cavalry attack in *Charge of the Light Brigade*, Niven bellowed, incoherently waving his sword: "Yeeaaw! Onarroow! Trubshawe! Roohoo!" In *The Prisoner of Zenda*, he casually mentioned Mount Trubshawe. In *Thank You, Jeeves*, the script gave him the line, "Oh yes, to be sure, to be sure." On

the screen it came out "Awyez, tr'bsha tr'bsha."

Niven grows constantly bolder in using his friend's name. In *Stairway to Heaven*, which he made in England, he persuaded the scenarist to give the name of Trubshawe to one of the characters. In *The Bishop's Wife*, writer Robert Sherwood anticipated the actor. He named the dog in the story Mike, and one of the society women Mrs. Trubshawe.

—Keith Monroe

• ANSWERS TO SHERLOCK HOLMES QUIZ
(page 98).

BEECHER: unframed picture of Henry Ward Beecher from the introduction to *The Cardboard Box*.

BLACK HAT: worn by Henry Baker in *The Adventure of the Blue Carbuncle*.

PIG: harpooned by Holmes in *The Adventure of Black Peter*.

BLACK BOOT: lost by Sir Henry Baskerville in *The Hound of the Baskervilles*.

CANDLE: used by Holmes to sign the word VIENE in *The Red Circle*.

MAN'S BIKE AND WOMAN'S BIKE: belonged to Bob Carruthers and Violet Smith in *The Solitary Cyclist*.

OIL LAMP: from *The Devil's Foot*.

DUMBBELL: weighted the clothes of Ted Baldwin in *The Valley of Fear*.

ANOTHER BIKE: belonged to Mr. Hargrave in *The Valley of Fear*.

TWO MORE BIKES: from *The Adventures of the Priory School*.

BILLET OF WOOD: held up the flag-stone in *The Musgrave Ritual*.

TORN THEATRE TICKET: owned by Josiah Amberman in *The Retired Colourman*.

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LEON KROLL: Artist Without Isms

"Painting is like love. When you paint, you are married to a motif."

By ELIZABETH SACARTOFF

THE CONGRESSMAN who questioned the State Department's taste in choosing a distorted figure painting for overseas exhibition wouldn't lift an eyebrow at a Leon Kroll. When you look at Kroll's painting you see what you see—and precisely what the artist intended you to see. Kroll doesn't use his brush to reveal his subjects' schizophrenic torments.

Nor does he feel that making a tree look like a tree compromises him as an artist. "Abstraction? Every picture is abstract at the beginning, but that isn't enough for me," he maintains vehemently. "I like motifs that are warm with human understanding: the natural gesture, landscapes where people live and work and play."

Considering that Kroll has nursed his ideas for more than 40 of his 62 years, he should have turned into a hard-bitten, frustrated recluse by now. Although he has been called a "painter of the great tradition," the "Tenny-

son of our painters," an "urban romanticist," some critics have also passed off his work as conventional and academic.

But all these epithets Kroll has brushed off like so much confetti. Instead of being a museum antiquity, he has been for years one of the active leaders of the American art world. At 62 he is represented in every important museum in the United States.

ALL THIS KUDOS has fallen to Kroll because of a certain integrity in his work, and not because he adopted a particular "ism" when it was most popular. He has, in fact, proven himself absolutely ism-proof, despite the fact that during his creative lifetime new movements have flooded the art world.

When Kroll was studying in Paris in the 1900's the Left Bank painters were shooting off cubes and cones like fireworks in a carnival. Although Kroll was pleased enough to discover Vincent van Gogh and Cézanne, he didn't rush

back to his easel to turn out imitations of them.

Back in New York Kroll found American art taking on a new realism. He lived and worked among the pioneers of the new American movement—Sloan, Bellows, Luks, Glackens, Henri, the Ashcan Group, and The Eight—but the New York scene didn't hold him long. He was part of the rugged company in spirit, but once at his canvas he became aloof.

AFTER THE Armory Show of 1913, while the country was hooting at such abstract "atrocities" as Marcel Duchamp's *Nude Descending the Stairs*, Kroll calmly sold all 18 of his canvases and went on a spending spree.

Then came the critical '30's, the WPA, and the rebirth of nationalism in art. Realism, Representation, and the Social Scene were the passwords of the day. But instead of falling in with the new movement, Kroll denied that there was any special "Americanism" or "nationalism" in his work.

"An artist must never allow his social consciousness to destroy his esthetic sense if he wants to remain an artist," Kroll said flatly. "Environment inevitably influences an artist, but conscious nationalism in art is valueless except when incidental to the eternal truths which are present in all art."

Now that World War II has stretched our social scene beyond the United States' borders and realism has given way to abstraction, Kroll is again out of step. But this does not alarm him.

"There are people," he says, "who make a fashion of fashion. The artist who tries to be in fashion is either a liar or a modiste."

A basic Kroll thesis is "Tradition." This has led him to believe that any artist who dismisses the great accomplishments of the past shows his ignorance of them.

Kroll has clung to a great tradition all his life. Nicolas Poussin, the 17th century French classicist, has been a prime inspiration. The tonal architecture and structure of Poussin's paintings have challenged many an artist, including Picasso, who, during the Battle of Paris in 1944, disciplined himself by doing a version of Poussin's *Bacchanale*. It is to this discipline that Kroll has held fast all these years.

Design, Kroll contends, is the most important element in a picture—a "kind of order carried into every section of the painting" and, in the manner of Poussin, "neglecting nothing."

ALTHOUGH Leon Kroll has immortalized New England's Cape Ann and knows how to interpret the inspiration of yielding earth, he was born in lower Manhattan in 1884. He grew up in a frame house on 109th Street not far from Central Park—then a wilderness of truck farms.

Kroll's father was a cello player in an orchestra, and though his sisters studied music, neither Leon nor his brothers were allowed to study it. It meant too precarious a livelihood, his father decided.



MORRIS SPRAYREGEN COLLECTION

Leon Kroll here tried an unusual juxtaposing of colors. The contrast is carried out in the girls, one Irish, the other East Indian.



MILCH GALLERIES

The scene is Cape Ann but, as in many of Kroll's landscapes, the human beings dominate. The girls were summer visitors.



MILCH GALLERIES

To achieve this landscape the artist fused details from half a dozen scenes near his summer place at Cape Ann.

Once, in a mood of wanderlust, he found his way to the Metropolitan Museum. There he discovered some of the world's great masterpieces.

In 1900, with his mother's backing, young Kroll enrolled in the Art Students' League and began to study under Twachtman. After two years he switched to the Academy. There he walked off with all the prizes and became its crack student.

In 1908 the Academy sent him on a scholarship to Europe and he enrolled in the Julien Academy under Jean Paul Laurens. After

four months Kroll came away with the grand prize for a painting of a nude—a subject with which he had been precociously concerned since he was 15.

IN 1911, one year after his return to the United States, the Academy gave him his first one-man show. His picture, a four-foot oil of Brooklyn Bridge, brought him the admiration and friendship of such painters as Speicher, Luks, and Bellows.

Kroll caught the attention of the great Winslow Homer while still a student at the Academy. In



the summer of 1907, Kroll and a couple of other aspiring painters went off to Prouts Neck in Maine to work. They found themselves in the spot where Homer was staying and it wasn't long before Kroll—who says he had no hand in the coincidence—was showing his sketches to the master painter.

"These are the best pictures I've seen today," said Homer, looking at some sketches Kroll had made at sunrise that morning. Another time when Kroll showed him a sketch of the bay with a boat, Homer remarked: "If you had used a canvas and a larger brush you would have a painting."

But the best lesson he learned that famous summer came out of his struggle with a seascape.

"My boy," said Homer, "if you want to make a great sea, use only two waves."

Another time, after viewing Kroll's student effort at a Rembrandtesque portrait which he liked, Homer said curtly: "Do figures, my boy. Leave rocks for your old age. They're easy!"

Kroll began to submit his work to the Carnegie International shows in 1913; by 1929 he was serving on its jury; and in 1935 his painting *Morning on the Cape* was picked by the Institute for its collection. Finally, in 1936, he achieved the most valued recognition: the International's First Prize for his oil *Road from the Cove*. The jury gave it a unanimous vote, but the critics were

harder to please. They called the winning canvas "pedantic but brilliantly contrived."

TODAY Leon Kroll leads an urbane existence in a duplex apartment overlooking New York's Central Park West. With him live his charming wife, whom he married in 1923 and brought over from France, and his attractive 17-year-old daughter, who is now in college and has shown no inclination to become a painter. Probably few artists' studios attract such a variety of beautiful women. Even those who pay to have their portraits done have an abundance of physical attractions, since Kroll will paint only those who appeal to him.

Kroll paints all day and spends his late afternoons and some evenings on his extracurricular art activities.

Between April and November he spends his time on Cape Ann—with more painting. Except for music he seems to require little diversion other than to paint some more.

"Painting is my vice," he admits. Short, stocky, with a large, good-humored face, a congenial manner, and a ready laugh, he has obviously been happy as a painter.

Sometimes when he is painting the earth, he says, he experiences such an elation he can hardly resist kissing the ground.

"Painting is like love. When you paint, you are married to a motif."

END

This soft-toned study of a 15-year-old girl is a typical Kroll nude. It took three months of work; even after exhibiting it the artist repainted many sections.

A VISITOR for DOMÍNGUEZ

A story by the author of Mexican Village

By JOSEPHINA NIGGLI

THE moonlight was a green cobweb on Mexican earth. A dog howled mournfully, and a coyote answered him from the low-lying hills, but the man inside the adobe hut heard neither the dog nor the coyote, and he was not aware of the moonlight. He was stretched out on a cot, sound asleep, his breathing light and regular. The room was drab, and as barren of comfort as the desert landscape beyond the iron-barred window. The cot, a table, a bench were its only furniture. A prisoner captured in battle needs few comforts.

Slowly the moon drifted across the sky toward its home beyond the hills. In a little while it would disappear, leaving only the ruddy glow of the sentry fire to provide light. Men who should have been on guard were huddled in blankets. Their comrades were fighting beyond the hills, but these men were not at the moment concerned with battles. A few days ago they had fought, in a few days more they would fight again.

In the meantime they slept and ate and slept.

Soon their souls

might be dancing in hell, never to rest again. Better to sleep while they could. Let the sergeant stay awake to see that their prisoner, the rebel Dominguez, did not escape. He was to be hanged in the morning, and men will try many foolish things to keep from being hanged. But he was the sergeant's responsibility. What else were sergeants for?

DOMÍNGUEZ rolled over on his cot. A little while ago his large hand, dangling over the cot's edge, had been in a pool of moonlight. Now it was in black shadow.

Death by hanging was a cruel thing to a man of 32, but Baltazar Dominguez was a peasant. He had fought Nature all his life, and Nature had conquered him with cruelty: with drought and flood and rock and barren soil. As a child he had learned to bind his own wounds, fight without comment, and accept the outcome with fatalistic calm. Fighting men was little different from fighting Nature, save that one had more chance to win.

So he fought, and was cap-

Illustrated by WINFIELD HOSKINS

tured, and because he had been a great fighter, he was to die. His very ability to fight had trapped him into death. The Federals would not have bothered to hang a common soldier. The sentence had been passed. There was no hope of escape. What use to stay awake the last few hours thinking of a length of rope, a tree limb that would not break, a horse that walked slowly out from between tense knees, and feet that dangled too high above the earth?

So THE rebel slept. Even the creaking of the hinges as the heavy wooden door swung open did not awaken him.

Sergeant Tomás Ala, his gun ready in his hand, came into the room. He lighted a stub of candle

standing in its own grease on the table top, then prodded the sleeping man with the butt of his gun. "Dominguez! Wake up, you, Dominguez!"

"Eh?" the man muttered, half sitting up. "What do you want? Can't you let a man sleep in peace?"

"There's someone to see you. A woman."

Domínguez dropped his feet to the floor, and ground his fists against his eyes. "I don't want to see her."

"You have to see her." Ala backed toward the door, his gun ready to shoot in case Domínguez made too sudden a gesture. "She has a letter from the big man."

The rebel looked up at the stocky guard. "From the big man, eh? Who is she?"

"The sergeant prodded the sleeping man with the butt of his gun."



Ala shrugged. "Says she's your wife." Turning to the door he called, "Come in."

A woman slipped past him like a flickering shadow. A shawl covered her head and swathed her face. Her long calico dress was wrinkled and stained with yellow desert earth. Over one arm was a basket covered with a towel. The sergeant spoke gruffly to her. "You'll have to talk fast. Half an hour is all you can stay. Orders. Here . . ." He pulled at the basket handle with his free hand. "What's in this?"

"Food, eh?" Ala jerked off the towel, thrust his hand into the basket, then snorted as he pulled it out and cleaned it by rubbing his palm up and down on his trouser leg. "Beans . . . nothing but beans . . . not even fine French bread for your man." He peered through the candle-lit gloom at Dominguez and laughed coarsely. "That's a wife for you. Can't bring you anything else to eat but what you get in prison anyway." As he backed through the door he said, "Remember, half an hour. Not one little minute more." The door slammed, and the two people in the room heard the broad iron bar that locked it clang into place.

The woman made a half-frightened gesture toward Dominguez, then put the basket on the table and stepped back, her hands working nervously at the fringe of her long dark red shawl. The man, disregarding her, went to the table. The candlelight showed that his eyes and mouth were hard and cruel. Like the sergeant, he was a stocky man in dirty khaki, with sandals on his brown,

bare feet. There was dignity in his slow movements, and a cold force of leadership that had thrust him into colonelship in the maelstrom of revolution. He did not look at the woman as he said, "Why did you come here?"

"I heard you were a prisoner."

He said harshly, "I told you to stay in the mountains. There's no place for you here."

She murmured something too low for him to hear, and he half-turned his head toward her. "What did you say?"

"I heard . . . they are going to kill you."

"Speak up. Speak up! Don't mumble. Come here to the light."

As she moved forward, he tossed the shawl back from her face, and stared thoughtfully at her face framed in two braids of heavy, glossy black hair. Her bones were delicate and fine, her skin the color of new honey. His gaze held interest but no emotion, and he disregarded the worshipful light in her dark brown eyes. "So you heard they were going to kill me, eh?" Then his tone harshened. "How did you get here?"

"Don Pablo lent me a donkey. At San Nicolás the soldiers stole him from me. Then I walked."

"And you brought this basket with you from the mountains?"

"I thought you would be hungry. The beans are cooked the way you like them, with garlic. . . ." Her voice ended on a high note.

Dominguez caught her arm. She moaned and put her hand up over his but did not try to loosen his fingers. "Nothing else?" When she lowered her head, he

shook her arm. "I said . . . nothing else?"

She whispered, "And steel." As he plunged his hand into the basket, and into the can that held the thick syrup of the beans, she added, gasping. "I wanted to bring it in a loaf of bread, but I had no money. It was the only way I knew. I'm so tired. So tired." She dropped her head toward one hunched-up shoulder and began to cry silently. He paid no attention to her. He wiped the knife off on the canvas covering of the cot, then sat on the bench near the table.

"Who knew you were bringing me this?"

"No one. I swear it. No one."

"In the morning when the sun rises I am going to be hanged. If I were going to be shot, that would be different. That's dying like a soldier. But, no. They are going to hang me just as though I were any rich citizen who wouldn't pay them money. Just as though I were a murderer or a thief. But I'm a soldier."

Not hearing his words, she squatted down on the hard-packed earthen floor near him, looking up into his face—just looking as though she could never see enough of him. He talked more to himself than to her. "I must escape. I have to escape. They can't hang me. Not this Baltazar Domínguez." He wiped a corner of his mouth with the back of his hand. "Did Don Pablo send me any word . . . any message?"

"Nothing. He said, 'God's hope.' That's all."

"'God's hope', eh? Man's hope! My hope! I must get out of here."

He walked to the window, peered out of it, then turned angrily to her. "This knife isn't enough! Why didn't you bring me a gun?"

"That was all I had. I didn't know if you'd be living when I came here. I thought . . . if you



were dead . . . I could use that . . ."

"Women's thoughts! Soft thoughts! What good is a dead woman to the Revolution? I need a gun."

Her head drooped lower, and she pressed her palms against her mouth, half-sobbing. He went to her, looked down at her, his flat, broad face expressionless, then suddenly thrust out one arm. "Eh, you walked a long distance. You are tired. Here, you can kiss my hand."

She sprang to her feet, clutched at his hand, pressed it against

her face, against her breast, covered it with both her own hands. He gazed at her dispassionately.

"You are a soft little thing, good for nothing but tears and laughter. Why did I marry you? Five pesos a month you cost me . . . that is Villa's law . . . every month out of my pay, five pesos to your fat pig of a mother. I was drunk when I married you. If I had been sober I would have thought of those five pesos, but I was drunk, eh . . . and a drunken man is a fool." He did not seem to notice as she dropped his hand and drew her shawl up to cover her pain-shot eyes. "Why didn't you bring me a gun?"

She said with quiet despair. "The Federals burned the town, burned our house. They killed your dog."

Her back turned to him, she spoke rapidly in a low voice. "I tried to save him, but he ran back toward the house. I was hiding behind a little palm. The soldiers saw him. One of them laughed. He said, 'Here dies the soul of Baltazar Domínguez,' and shot him right between the eyes. He dropped like the red fruit of the cactus."

"What happened next?" asked the man in a dead voice.

"They threw his body inside the door. Then they set fire to the house. They said, 'Here burns the soul of Baltazar Domínguez.' They watched it burn. Then they went away."

"They didn't see you?"

She shook her head jerkily from side to side. "They didn't know about me. When they found out, they came back, but . . . I was gone. I was afraid of them.

I went to Don Pablo. He gave me the knife . . . and the donkey."

Domínguez lifted his head slowly and stared at her with comprehension. "So that was why he sent me no message! He didn't know you were coming here."

The woman shook her head again. "No one knew. There were Federals all along the road." She turned toward him, lifted her face proudly. "I heard the soldiers say they were going to hang you. I had a right to be here. I'm your wife."

Slowly Domínguez rose to his feet, his hands clenching the edge of the table. He bent over it toward her. She looked bravely back at him. "The guard said you had a letter from the big man . . . from Huerta. How did you get it?"

She spoke without inflection, as though reciting a piece from memory. Her eyes were fixed on the table top. "When I reached Saltillo, I went to the great houses, talked to the servants. One of them said there was a fine lady with a letter giving her permission to see her brother. I stole it."

He reached across the table and grasped her shoulder. She kept her eyes fixed on the table, but the soft lips curled inward between her teeth. After a moment he slapped her across the mouth. She slumped backwards, out of his reach. He said hoarsely. "That's a lie."

"God's truth."

"Shall I beat it out of you? What man did you go to?"

"It was a woman. She had a brother . . ."

"What man?"

She whirled and flung up an arm to shield her face. Her voice was a low mutter, but he heard each word clear as a ringing bell. "This sergeant. He said if I wanted to see you . . . he said to tell you that story. It would be easier."

Domínguez did not move for a moment, then he slowly wiped his mouth and cheek on the sleeve of his upper arm, picked up the knife, and plunged it into the scarred gray wood of the table top, and stood there looking at its quivering handle. The woman watched this as a beaten dog watches its master. When he lifted his hand and beckoned to her, she moved forward, her feet dragging on the floor.

Slowly he reached out and grasped her by the throat with one hand. She clutched at his arm, her body bending back, giving at the knees. Then his hand opened and she slid to the floor, struggling to catch her breath, her fingers massaging her bruised throat. He jerked out the knife, weighed it in his palm. After a moment she dragged her body toward him, caught at his leg. As a man thrusts away a bothersome dog, he kicked himself free. She lay very still on the earthen floor.

Behind them they heard the clang of the iron bar as it fell against the door jamb. The door swung open and the sergeant said cheerfully as he came into the shadowy room, "Kiss your wife good-bye, Domínguez. You can kiss her again in . . ."

With a single fluid movement Domínguez threw the knife. The sergeant gave a sobbing gasp.

He tried to pull the trigger of his gun but his finger would not obey him. He fell face forward to the floor. Domínguez did not move. The woman pulled herself to her knees. She crossed herself, then peered up at her husband.

"The door is open," she whispered. Then louder, "The door is open." And louder still, "The door is open."

"Shut up," said Domínguez without inflection.

She edged toward him. "His hat on your head. His blanket high on your shoulders. Baltazar Domínguez or Federal? Who would know the difference?"

After a moment Domínguez walked steadily to the corpse, bent over it, took hat and blanket, and put them both on. Then he lifted the sergeant's gun, rubbed his hand over it. "If any Federal gets in front of this gun, he'll soon know whether I am Federal



or Baltazar Domínguez." He gestured toward her with his chin. "Well, why are you waiting? Bring the beans with you."

The woman's voice was high with delight. "You want me?"

"I pay five pesos a month for you, don't I? That's the law. Whether you're here or in hell, I pay five pesos a month. Back to the mountain for the two of us."

As she picked up the basket he stared down at the dead sergeant, not seeing him, seeing instead a symbol of all Federals. "Steal my woman. Burn my house. Kill my dog. Kill my dog." He turned his head and spat. As the woman slipped up to him, the basket

dangling from her arm, the shawl swathing her head and shoulders, he pushed her through the door, his hand at her back. "Hurry. We have a distance to walk in this darkness."

They passed the dim ruddy glow of the sentry fire. A sleeping man turned over, then turned back again. Baltazar Domínguez and the woman disappeared into the darkness of the Mexican desert. None of the sleepers awoke. In a few days they might be dead and dancing to the song of Grandfather Devil, never to sleep again through all eternity. Let the sergeant guard the prisoner. What else are sergeants for? END



Communications

INVITING TROUBLE

Sirs:

Was Representative Charles K. Fletcher, Republican, of California the first and only candidate to use a "singing political" in a campaign for Congress?

Mr. Fletcher and his campaign manager, Emmett McCabe, admit—nay, even boast—that they made use of a singing plug in the contest in which Mr. Fletcher unseated Edouard V. Izac, Democrat, who had served five terms from the 23rd District (San Diego County).

"It was one of the things that really won for us," said Mr. McCabe.

"How did it go?" I asked, throwing caution to the winds.

Mr. McCabe cleared his throat and burst out into a tune used in selling a soft drink that hits the spot. The words were:

*Charlie Fletcher—is the one—
For you to send—
to Washington—
Twice as good—as Izac, too—
Charlie Fletcher—
is the one for you.*

"There were some complaints from the better element," Mr. McCabe added. "We told them we were after all the votes we could get. We wanted to drum the Fletcher name into the housewives and the young folks who had no personal knowledge of the candidates. We did. School children sang it to their parents."

Thus the share of Messrs. Fletcher and McCabe in the credit—or, responsibility—is established beyond doubt.

But should credit—or discredit, if you will—go to others?

—*Bert Andrews*
Washington, D. C.

Mr. Andrews' question involves such fascinating possibilities that '47 calls upon its readers for the answer. We will welcome copies of "singing politcals" heard over the air from Maine to California. Please give names, dates, and tunes used. As a public service, we will print the best—that is, the worst—examples.

—*The Editors*



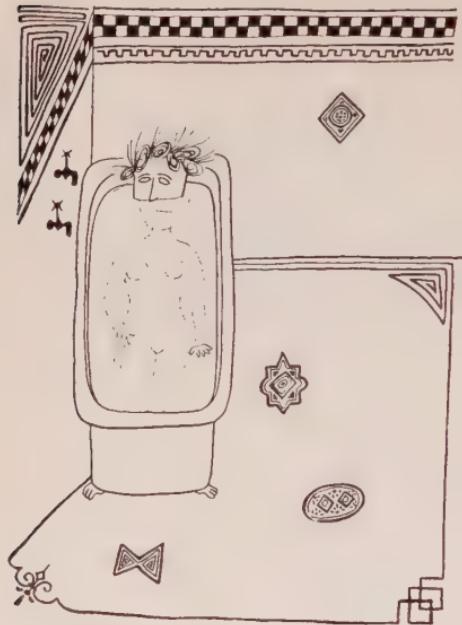


PARTY ELEGANCE OPPROBRIUM PERSONALITY: 3 aspects by

STEINBERG

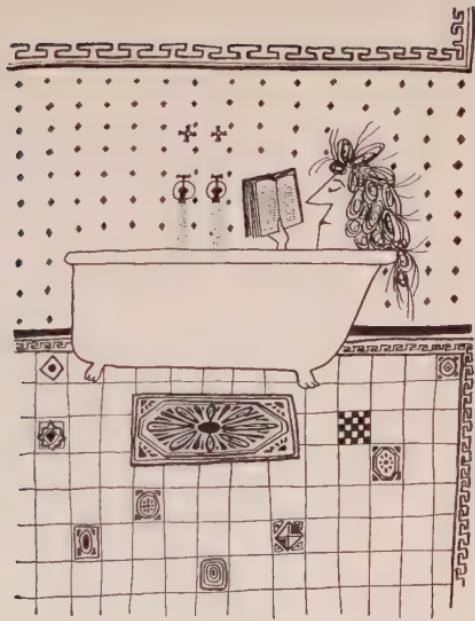
love and hate



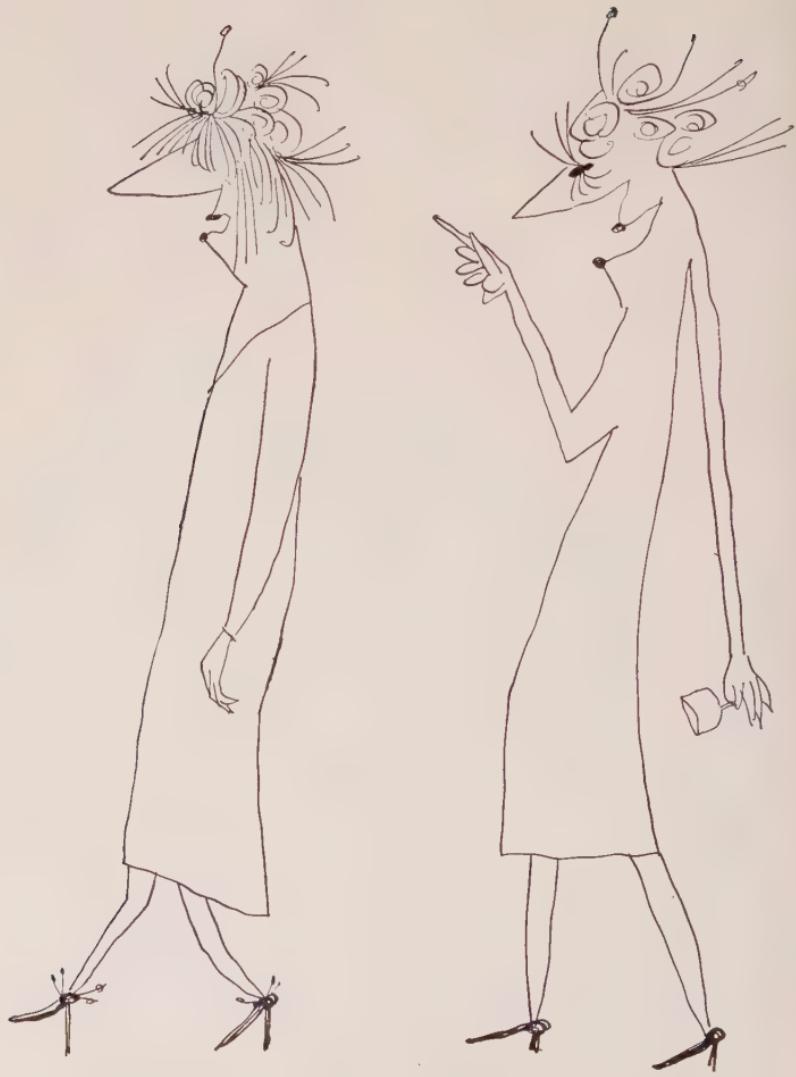


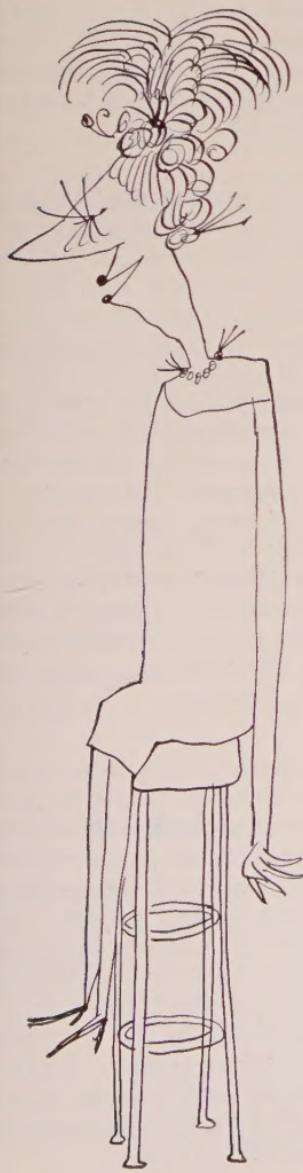
at the
bath





At the bar





STEINBERG

'47 August Contributors

For some years **Walter Lippmann** has been fulfilling the functions of a kind of Secretary of State without portfolio. His unvaryingly astute comments on our varyingly sagacious foreign policy instruct and admonish all those in the know in Washington. (This includes all Washington.) He sets us straight on the new Europe in *1947 Is Not 1919* (page 4).

That **Waverley Root's** acquaintance with the City of Light is extensive and peculiar may be judged from *Noble Experiment in France* (page 48). During the past two decades he has worked as a foreign correspondent for the *Chicago Tribune*, *Time*, UP, and MBC, not to mention *Politiken* of Copenhagen. Mr. Root's major distinction is his *Secret History of the War*; another is that he is a '47 contributor-owner.

So is **Roscoe Drummond**, whose *A People's President in '48* (May '47) stirred up the animals, or at least two of them: the Elephant and the Donkey. His calm thesis—that we choose our own nominees for President—was debated on America's Town Meeting. On page 21 Mr. Drummond returns to the fray. When not issuing calls for *A Voters' Revolution*, he works as chief of the Washington news bureau of the *Christian Science Monitor*.

A couple of years ago an unostentatious publisher (The University of North Carolina Press) issued an unostentatious book of

short stories, *Mexican Village*, by a young woman named **Josephina Niggli**. A few good judges pencilled a note on their cuffs that a new talent had arrived. Her first contribution to '47 is *A Visitor for Dominguez* (page 122). Born in Monterrey, Mexico, Miss Niggli tells us her name isn't Italian or Spanish, but Swiss.

For six years **Ann Petry** (a '47 contributor-owner) worked and lived in Harlem, and out of that experience emerged her highly praised novel, *The Street*. Miss Petry comes of a pharmaceutical family—her grandfather was a chemist; her father, an aunt, and an uncle are druggists; and she herself is a graduate of the College of Pharmacy, University of Connecticut. Fate made her an advertising copy-writer, a reporter, an actress, a civic-minded lobbyist, a painter, a pianist, and, as readers of *The Necessary Knocking at the Door* (page 38) will agree, a writer.

You'd hardly guess from his illustration for Ann Petry's story that **Georges Schreiber** was born in Brussels. He is one of '47's long roster of lively and distinguished American artists: the Met in New York hangs his work, and so does the Los Angeles Museum. During the late war he drew and painted for the War and Navy Departments, finding subjects as far north as the Arctic Circle and as far below sea-level as submarines can dive.

'47 August

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Washington is a first-name town (see p.